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## THE DOUBLE PROPHECY;

OR,

TRIALS OF THE HEART.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

### CHAPTER III.

MRS. CLINTON'S PROJECT FOR MARIA—OLD SAM WALLACE  
FAILS AS A DIPLOMATIST—SEPARATION OF MARIA FROM  
HER MOTHER.

THE widow, as we have seen, took the proper view of it. Once married to young Wallace—an ordained minister of religion—she knew her daughter was rescued from danger, and could rest with confidence under the protection of her husband; and although she knew that their separation would be painful to her in the highest degree, yet she felt it her duty to make the sacrifice when her child's welfare and respectable establishment in life were the object. Such an offer, if rejected, might never occur again. She accordingly mentioned the matter to her, and dwelt upon its general advantages; recounted the well-known good qualities and many virtues of the gentle and studious young minister, and urged her, with every motive and argument she could think of, to accept such a fortunate proposal.

"You know, Maria," she proceeded, "that he is assistant minister in his own parish, so that we can see and be with each other whenever we wish. It is true I am but an humble woman, but then, my dear, I am a respectable woman, and you, by your father's side, at least, are of a better family even than themselves. It is such a proposal as may never come in your way again."

In reply, Maria was kind and affectionate to her mother, but unfortunately for that mother's hopes, she was adamant.

"Mother," she replied, "I think you are to blame, to ask so young a girl as I am to marry. I don't wish to marry for some time to come. Why, I am not full-grown yet, and very little beyond sixteen."

"You are just closing your seventeenth, Maria."

"Well, mother, that matters but little; but, let me ask, what has changed you so much, and all of a sudden, too, upon this subject? You never pressed me in this manner before."

"Because you never received such an offer before, Maria."

VOL II.

"Well, my dear mother, I have only the same answer to give. If I felt disposed to marry any one, I would surely give a preference to that good and gentle young man. In short, mother, I wish to wait a little longer, and, to say the truth, I neither will nor can marry him; and you may take my word, I will never marry any man that I don't love. I don't love him; and that's my last answer."

"Very well, my dear," replied her mother, "we will drop the subject. I cannot think of pressing you to marry Mr. Wallace, since you cannot like him, and when I next see his brother I will put an end to the business at once, by telling him so."

Gently, and in a spirit of civility and the most gentle respect, did Mrs. Brindsley communicate to Joseph Wallace her daughter's rejection of his proposal on behalf of his amiable brother; and when he, on his return, communicated the unsuccessful issue to his father, the old man seemed sadly puzzled.

"Eh, man," said he, "what's to be done now? The poor lad will go stark upon't. I say, what's to be done, Joe?"

"Why," replied the son, "I think the best way is to say nothing about it. The unlucky turn of the affair will only make him worse, I fear."

"No, no," replied his father; "the best way is to try and scower the nonsense clean out of him, by telling him at once how the case stands. That, however, must be my ain job; leave him to me. The poor besotted haverall, wi' all his knowledge, passes that cottage of her's twice a day, I'm tauld, going to and coming from yon dismal glen in Springtown. Deil scaud the neb 'o' her, but she was hard to please, the young jaud!"

"I'm afraid father," said Joe, "you'll only make matters worse; you had better leave him to me."

"Deil a bit," replied the old man. "I understand those whigmaleeries better than you do. When all's done, it's only a noddle cholic, and we must see and get the wind out of his head some gate. He's inside now, at his books by himsel', so I'll go and hae a spell o' pure downright logic wi' him. I remember my own nonsense when I was crouse about your mither, dacent woman."

He accordingly entered his son William's room, and found him writing.

"Well, man," said he, "what the deil? have you not got book learning enough to satisfy you for the rest of your life?"

His son looked on him and smiled, for the father, unless on the Sabbath, or when in some decidedly religious mood, seldom had recourse to his evangelical oratory, but, on the contrary, as he possessed a good deal of shrewd dry humor, as we have said, so did he without scruple or hesitation indulge in it.

"Father," he replied, "you know we can never acquire too much knowledge."

"I dinna ken that," replied the old man, "I'm fear't it's no that safe to overstock your head wi' too much of it. It weakens the brains, and disna leave them fit for their functions. It's no' healthy for common sense, 'am thinking; but anent yon bonnie wean o' the widow's that has pit you asteer? Am guessing you're nothing but a very green guse in the business. Deil's cure to you!—Why hadn't you mair sense than to fasten your fancy upon a poor bit lassie, that hasn't a shift to her back. There now, you're daundering and maundering about like a stray turkey, for the last four or five months—groanin' and moanin' like an auld wife in the cholic, writing and repeating bletherin' rhymes and nonsense soliloquies about her, and she doesna' care a boddle for you, skin, flesh, and bone, soul and body. Hout, man, have common sense; be a man, and not like an unfortunate lassie in the green sickness. Troth, I wadna be surprised to see you crunching the cinders to-morrow or next day—hout, awa! fie for shame!"

The son's face, at all times pale and intellectual looking, became, during the latter part of this address, the colour of scarlet; his hands trembled, and the look of astonishment and distress which he turned upon his father was pitiable.

"Father," said he "what is it you mean? What are you speaking about? What have you observed about me, that you should talk thus?"

"Why, don't we all know that you're dreaming, night and day—and mair especially when you're awake—about that great beauty they call Mary, or Maria Brindley. Aren't you just beside yourself about her; and I tell you, if it was known out of the family, which, thanks be praised, it is not, you'd hae but a poor chance of continuing your popularity, as they ca' it. As it is, you're beginnin' to fag and stagger in your pulpit work."

The poor young clergyman rose up, but almost immediately sat down again.

"Father," said he "forgive me; but come how it may, you have got possession of my secret. How it happened I know not; but I will not deny the truth."

"Poor lad," said the father, much moved at his distress, "I see you are unhappy about her, but it is better you should know the worst at once. When that is known, we can recruit our courage, and make a better fight of it. However, in the meantime, it is but right you should know it—the lassie has rejected you."

"Rejected me! In the name of truth, let me understand you. I never breathed a word of my love for her to a human being, much less to herself; then how could she reject me?"

"Breathed it—nonsense, man—you breathed and blethered her name, as if she had been strayed or stolen, and you were the market crier, sent to publish it. Didn't Joe hear you often, and myself. And when we discovered what you were after, we put our heads together, and Joe went to her mother and proposed for her in your name. The poor widow, it seems, was willing enough, but the lassie hersel', although she talked of you wi' respect, said she wad hae you at no rate; that she wasna disposed to marry, but that if she was, you should hae a preference, which was all very fair; but, at any rate, it's all up wi' ye yonder."

The pallor of death itself was not so deadly looking as that which now blanched the cheeks of the unfortunate young man. He covered his face with his hands, and bent his head down upon the desk at which he sat; and his father could perceive that he was endeavouring to conceal his tears. The old man himself felt deep compassion for him, and began to regret the tone in which he had addressed him. He resolved, however, if possible, to afford consolation, for, in truth, he felt alarmed at the condition to which this unhappy passion had reduced him.

"Come, man," said he, "show better spirit; what signifies a single refusal frae ane o' these saucy queens; don't they say nineteen o' them's as good as a consent. Dinna be downput. We'll hae at her again. Tuts! faint heart, you know, never won fair lady. Come, cock your bonnet, man, and keep the crown o' the causeway. I'll go bail, we bring her to yet, and that I'll call her daughter-in-law, as they say in Scotland, before a twomonths gaes past. Me! deil a ring ever I'd hae puttin' on your mother, if I had been fool enough to take to the weeping at her first refusal. No, haith! I knew better than all that came to, and, so in the end, I begged her off wi' flying colours."

"Father," replied the son, "I knew nothing of your proceedings in this affair: and those tears do not proceed from the disappointment you mention, so much as from the consciousness of my own unmanly weakness. I feel now, when it is too late, that I am not qualified, either by temperament or natural energy, for the ministry into which I have so rashly entered. I did not, as I ought to have done, calculate my own strength, nor consider how unequal it was to the discharge of such solemn duties, especially with a heart so easily drawn back from the high and holy object which every minister of God should place before him. Would to heaven that I had made that calculation in time. But why do I say so? I knew neither the fickleness nor the weakness of my own heart at the time, and now it is too late. I was safe then, only because I had not met the temptation."

"Temptation! hout man, deil a pickle o' evil temptation's about yon bonnie lassie. Saul! am thinking, gin I was about your ain age, that she'd be apt to make as great a fool o' me as she has o' yourself. Vara true, I was no minister. Well, even sae, ministers themselves must and ought to marry. Nothing softens

the heart like a spell o' matrimony; and when a man, ye ken, gets over proud or stiffnecked—deil hae me, that I should say so—but there's always an adversary about the place to take him down a peg. Still, you know, it's good for us to suffer—better here than hereafter—ahem! What do you intend to do though?"

"I know not, father, and I scarcely care. I already look upon myself as a man who has broken a solemn trust with God, by surrendering my heart, almost without an effort, to one of his creatures. I have debased my ministry, and withdrawn, I may well say, from the sanctity of my mission. I am no longer fit for it. The spirit that should animate me in the discharge of it, has been taken away from me; my candlestick has been removed, and that as a punishment for my crime."

"Your crime, man—what crime? Is to love the woman that's to be your wife a crime. Saul! I think the crime would be to marry her if ye didna love her. Lord, man, so far frae being a crime, deil be off me, but it's a rare virtue in you, and ane ye ought to be proud o'. And am not sayin' sae without due reflection, and muckle observation on my ain pairt. Lord help you! look at your ain class o' ministers—look at them, I say, and what's the upshot? See how they poke about, and watch, and reconnoitre, until they smell out some sonsie lass wi' a long tocher; an' gin she has the tocher, deil haet they care whether she's sonsie or not, or handsome either; then they get on her trail; they indulge in family prayers; then they groan, sing psalms, and expound particular passages o' Scripture; read the Bible together, cheek by cheek; dine once or twice a week (oh, poor lad, there's one thing against you, you have no appetite; for if you wanted a rich wife, your appetite should be as lang as your sermon); take tea every second evening, and so go on playing off your holy game, until the whole family set you down as a man o' God and a saint, and the poor lassie looks upon your black coat as only another name for charity—and maybe, deil a far she's astray, for it often covers a multitude of sins—and your white choke as the spotless garment of righteousness; and then, to close all, you walk off wi' her some fine mornin' as your wife, wi' the deil's ain long tocher in your sporrin. Hout, awa! Do you call that clerical swindle, decent, manly, independent love, such as you're greetin' over for that bonnie creature yonder. No, haith. Worldly! deil sich a crew o' worldly-minded lads on marriage matters as your parsons and ministers. They may differ in religionals, but they're all tarred wi' the same stick in the matrimonials."

"Father," replied the son, "there is some truth in what you say—too much I fear. Mine certainly is not selfish or a worldly love; but then, on the other hand, it is the love of mere beauty—but such beauty! Still beauty is the most superficial of all qualities, and I know not, for, indeed, I had no opportunity of knowing, what the real and actual character of this

girl is. Of her moral disposition I know nothing; and whether her religious views are pure and evangelical—"

"Evangelical! Is it evangelicals you'd expect from a wean like you, that hasna had time to begin to think yet. Troth! if she was evangelical at these years, I'd advise you to look sharp before you'd hae anything to say till her. I know what your sucking evangelicals, baith man and woman, generally turn out to be. Deil a thing they produce but a rank crap o' hypocrisy, when they grow up. As for the Brindsley lassie, she's just by all accounts what a young lady like her ought to be—lovin' and affectionate to her poor mother, industrious at her needle. No gaddin' abroad, keeps at home, but goes regularly every sabbath, hand-in-hand wi' her mother, to that Episcopal abomination that Parson Drowsy preaches in. Whether the creature sleeps there, as weel's the rest o' the congregation, I dinna ken; but I know that he cured Tam Steen, whose family came in here from Holland wi' the Dutchman, of what they call the acute rheumatics. Poor Tam was for a fortnight and couldn't close an eye, when some one told him to sit under Parson Drowsy. So he went to church one Sunday on a car, was helped into a pew, and as the sermon was, fortunately, a long one, he got what he didn't get for many a day—a good sound sleep, poor man."

"Father," said the son, "your knowledge of woman ought to be more correct than mine; you have had much experience."

"What do you mean by that?" said the old man, taking fire—"experience!—what experience? My whole experience was confined to your mother; and deil be frae my soul, but I found that enough for me. I don't know that she would shine in preaching, but as a sharp and pithy lecturer, she'd dang the whole o' ye put together."

"What I was about to observe," replied his son, "was that perhaps if the subject was repropounded to her and her mother for further consideration, the event might become more auspicious. I should be sorry to boast of my own qualifications or gifts, but still, I trust, that if she would consent to unite her fate with mine, the union might be the means of enabling me, with recovered power, to pursue, with my former undivided spirit, the duties of my ministry. I could send her a correct and faithful list of the prizes I won at college, and even at school, in both which places I distinguished myself at extempore speaking."

"Ahem!" groaned the old man; "dinna put that gift in the list, my man, for I tell ye that the moment the matrimonial knot is tied, your days of extempore speaking are closed. God help you! the extempore speaking will be all on the other side. You know what I have suffered from extempore speaking."

"Well, if you wish, we may leave that out; then I received three first premiums in the class of moral philosophy."

"You did! well, I'm right prond to hear that—for

let me tell you, Wolly (Willy), that there's no' on earth, such a precious gift as that to a man that's about to enter into matrimony. If you could only join the virtue o' patience to it, as a'm a sinner before man, you might be married off-hand; and yet, wi' all your fortifications, de'il a much you'll have to spare after all. Still, it's good when you go to meet an enemy, to be weel provided wi' ammunition."

"Well, father, all I have to say is, try again. You remember the parable of the unjust judge. Perhaps you may have better success, for, to tell you the truth, I have often read that the sex are capricious and unstable. Virgil, the great Latin poet, calls them *varium et mutabile semper*, which signifies, that women are always unsettled and changeable. Now I shall leave my case in your hands—make a second effort, and may heaven prosper your exertions!"

"Vara weel," replied the father, "in the course of a week or ten days, we'll see about it. We must let them draw breath, though. We must not appear to drive the bodies, nor let them think that we can't live without them. I grant that the minister mark is against you. If you warena in ordhers now, ye could go and face her wi' a pleasant and sportive manner, and if you found her shy and distant, you canna conceive what an effect two or three honest smacks wad hae upon her—how she'd settle up her hair, blushing wi' an angry face, but a smile under it—and then when you took leave of her and she refused to shake hands wi' you, and when you turned to look at the window that she was leanin' out of, and you kissed your hand to her—and then, after refusing to notice you for a little, she'd give a kind of angry smile, touch her little white fingers wi' her lips, as it were to get rid o' you. Oh! man, but woman's a draw-weel, only am feart that truth's not at the bottom o't. Now, I know all this, my lad, frae my experience wi' your mother—ahem! Weel! I think we've had enough about it—leave it to me, and if I don't tirl at the pin for you, a'm not here;" and upon this project the ultimatum depended.

The old man immediately went to Joe, to whom he mentioned the conclusion to which he and William had come.

"As for him," said he, "I see clearly the poor lad's no' fit for a wife. We must first try and get this nonsense out of him. But how to do that's the difficulty. Troth, a'm of opinion that a good sharp dose of active medicine o' some kind would be as good as anything else, if not the best; or if we could get him to take a good shower-bath every mornin', or set him to winding pins; or if the Lord wad send him a smart skelp o' rheumatism—any one o' them might do mair than all our reasoning. Poor boy, at all events, he is to be pitied."

Joe knew not exactly what to say. He felt considerable anxiety about the effect which the disappointment might have upon his poor brother's health, or, perhaps, on his intellect, arguing from what he had already seen. As it was, he agreed to the project of making a second

attempt in due and decent time. And thus matters rested among them for the present.

Maria's mother had thought deeply and anxiously of her daughter, and the danger to which she was exposed from young Clinton, who was so handsome in person and so popular in reputation. She entertained little doubt besides that the simple girl had suffered herself to entertain an affection for him—a fact which was evident from her manner, when spoken to on the subject. She felt now, that the most prudent course would be, to remove her to a distance, and place her at once beyond his reach. How to accomplish this, however, she did not know. In the mean time she waited with anxiety for the expected visit of Mrs. Clinton, on whose good sense and good feeling she placed much reliance. Both were interested in the dangerous position in which those two young persons were placed, but she felt that she herself and her child had to dread both disgrace and ruin, should Clinton's designs be accomplished. On him the infamy of the crime would fall but slightly—in fact, it would be a matter to boast of among his brother officers, and would be considered rather in the light of a triumph than an act of villany; for such are the morals and the notions of the profligate. At length the day appointed by Mrs. Clinton arrived, and that lady was punctual to her promise. After a little chat, she entered upon the subject without either delay or circumlocution.

"Mrs. Brindsley," said she, "I have thought much of the subject we were talking of since I was here last; and I now wish to know whether you are willing to part with your daughter for a time?"

"I am anxious to place her beyond the reach of danger," replied her mother, "but I don't know how it is to be done."

"It can be done without any difficulty," said Mrs. Clinton, "and the removal, I can assure you, will be not only for her safety, but every way for her advantage. There is a most respectable dress-making establishment in the town of Armagh, the proprietress of which has been working for me and my family these many years. I have written to her since I saw you, and proposed to her that she should take your daughter for a time, in order that she should receive a competent knowledge of her business in its highest branches. To oblige me, she has consented to this, and your daughter is to live in her own house, and under her guardianship and protection. This must be every way most gratifying to you, as it will be advantageous to the young woman herself, and I certainly cannot anticipate any possible objection on your part."

"It will be a severe task to me to part with her," replied Mrs. Brindsley; "still, for my child's own sake, I feel that I ought to do it. But do you think, ma'am, that there's no danger in such a large town as Armagh?"

"Why, as for that matter," replied Mrs. Clinton, "you know there is danger every where—abroad as well as at home. In Armagh, however, she will not be so conspicuous as she is here. There is no place where

a person can be so completely alone, or so little liable to observation, as in a great city. In that town she will lead a quiet and unobtrusive life, and will consequently escape notice and observation. Under those circumstances, I think, then, that you should consider this proposal as a welcome one. You ought to reflect besides, that she will have an opportunity of improving herself in her business, and most likely of ultimately advancing herself in life."

"Indeed, ma'am," replied Mrs. Brindsley, "to own the truth, I am so far from having any objection to your kind proposal, that I am very glad to comply with it. My only objection is what I have just stated—my sorrow at parting with her; for, after all, it is a trying thing to a mother's heart, to let her only child go from under her own eye, and among strangers, who will not treat her with the tenderness and affection that she received at home."

"But you know, Mrs. Brindsley, that we cannot have every thing after our own wish. You ought to reflect that she will not be more than a short day's journey from you, and that under any circumstances, it would be your duty to pursue the very plan which I have proposed."

"I am deeply grateful to you, ma'am, for the interest you take in my child, and I will be guided altogether by your advice," replied Mrs. Brindsley.

"Well, then," said the kind lady, "I think the less time you lose in following it up the better. Miss Travers has written to say that she is ready to receive her at any time she may find it convenient to go. How soon could you send her?"

"Why, she will require some little things in the shape of a little outfit," replied her mother, "for you know, ma'am, I must send the poor child in a condition that she need not be ashamed of. I think in about a week's time I will have her ready."

"There is one thing I would beg to impress upon you," observed Mrs. Clinton, "and it is this—keep the place of her residence as much a secret as you can. The fewer that you make acquainted with it the better, both for her own sake and yours."

"I certainly cannot keep it a secret," said her mother; "in that, ma'am, I must act contrary to your wishes. What would the neighbours say, if they found that I hurried her off secretly, and concealed her place of residence from them? Anything like mystery might be the ruin of her character, and for that reason I will have nothing of the kind."

"Well," replied Mrs. Clinton, "I believe you are right; still, from what I have learned of the modest and prudent conduct of your daughter, I don't think you might apprehend any misinterpretations on the part of those who know her, even if you should conceal her place of residence; but, lest an ungenerous suspicion of any kind might arise from it, I am of opinion, that it is more prudent to have no appearance of mystery in the affair whatsoever. Here is a letter which will be both an introduction and a recommendation to her. It

is addressed to Miss Travers—the person who keeps the dress-making establishment to which I have alluded. And now, Mrs. Brindsley, if you will be guided by my advice, you will lose no time in sending her to the very eligible situation I have provided for her."

Mrs. Brindsley thanked her gratefully for the kind and friendly interest she had taken in her daughter's welfare, after which that lady took her departure.

Six days had now elapsed since Mrs. Clinton's last visit, and on the morrow poor Maria was to be separated from her mother for the first time in her life. The fact of her intended departure had become pretty generally known throughout the neighbourhood, and among the other families whom it had reached, was that of our Presbyterian friend, old Sam Wallace. The moment Sam had heard it, he felt there was no time to be lost, and his anxiety to bring matters to a successful issue was increased by the incomprehensible conduct of his son. This simple-hearted young man was every day in the habit of exhibiting such ludicrous freaks of fancy, as afforded much amusement to those who were ignorant of the state of his feelings and his motives, but which, nevertheless, filled the minds of his own friends with serious apprehensions for his sanity. One day, as his brother passed his room, he paused to listen to one of those wild soliloquies to which he was in the habit of unconsciously treating them, and was rewarded by a very correct and somewhat declamatory enunciation of the following medley:—

"It is too true," said he. "What my father calls 'the mark of the minister' is upon me. I am debarred the privileges—the delicious privileges of other men, and as I have, after a great deal of struggle, resolved to plead my own cause in person, I feel that my hands are manacled by ecclesiastical regulations, otherwise I might have been guided by my father's advice—to kiss her occasionally during the dialogue—a fearful attempt, but certainly pleasant in the operation. Yet I saw our own servant-man, Johnny Murray, kiss Biddy Brady, and she only ran after him, and beat him in a truly jocular spirit, upon which, so far from regretting his conduct, he only repeated the offence. That, however, was but an isolated case, and if I imitated it, heaven knows what a disastrous result it might occasion to my suit. Well, I do suppose that some young creature or other, say one in a hundred thousand, *might* wish to be kissed; but perhaps, I am doing the sex injustice—alas, I fear I am; let me say then, one in half-a-million. See, however, in this case, how the chances are against me, if I should follow my father's counsel—and yet, we are commanded to obey our parents. At all events, I shall make an effort to speak to her face to face, although it is an awful attempt. Well, if I fail, I shall become a missionary, and try the East, or perhaps Madagascar in Africa."

Joe lost no time in repeating the substance of this strange rhapsody to his father, who shook his head with serious alarm, and observed, in that satirical spirit in which he usually indulged:

"A'm 'feart, Joe, that the silly lad is nearly beside himself, an' that if we canna get the lassie to marry him, it's likely to set him clean daft. Wouh, man, but that wad be a curious case—a man runnin' into matrimony to set his wits right, when we know that for one it cures, it dings the brains out of a hunder. Even sae—we must run the risk for the sake of the poor minister. What the de'il will become of him, though, if she leaves the neighbourhood, and they say she's going to Armagh on the day after the morrow. In that case, there's no time to be lost, and I think I had better put on me, and try our luck."

He accordingly dressed himself in his blue broad-cloth coat, yellow waistcoat, drab cassimere small clothes, and leggings of the same cloth, and set out a wooing for his half-crazed son.

On reaching Mrs. Brindsley's cottage, he "tired at the pin," as he termed it—that is to say, raised the latch, and presented himself to that good woman.

"Weel, gudewife—a-hem—that is, Mrs. Brindsley—how is a' wi' you the day? And how is your bonnie and winsome lassie, that's turning half the heads o' the parish?"

"Why, indeed, Mr. Wallace, we're all quite well, I thank you. As for poor Maria, she has turned nobody's head yet, I hope."

"Saul, and it's too late for you to hope for that, Mrs. Brindsley; one head she has turned topsyturvie, and a clear, sensible, well-informed head it was until he laid eyes upon her. Am making allusion to my son, the minister, that his brother Joe was talking to you about. It's a very pitiable case, Mrs. Brindsley; he's very nearly clean daft about her; an' troth am not surprised at it, for to tell the blessed truth, she's beyond anything in the shape o' woman I ever saw—unless it be my Mattie, when she was about your wean's age. Mattie, I jalouse, had the advantage of her in the mouse mark on the nose, and that coaxin' cast in the eye. Indeed it was that won me, for we never met but I thought that eye was fixed upon me, especially at meeting, although she often told me since—for she does like to joke about it—that it was na upon me, but the minister it was set; he was a bachelor at the time, just as my son, the minister, is now; but he had little to support a matrimonial compact, barring an oily tongue, and Mattie, after all, had a relish for the shiners, and has to the present day, dacent woman."

"But I thought I explained myself upon the subject of your son's proposal, in the conversation I had with Mr. Joe."

"Hoot awa, woman! what signifies that? Sure you know well enough that young creatures, like your daughter, don't know their ain mind during the twenty-four hours o' the day. Think o' the advantage of this match to your girl—a minister's wife—and a minister that's no dependin' on his stipend, but will inherit the half of what am worth; for, as to my property, a'll divide it half and half between my sons."

"I'll be very candid with you, Mr. Wallace," re-

plied this sensible woman; "I feel very deeply what an advantage such a match as you propose would be to my daughter; and you may believe me, that I left no argument that I could think of untried, to bring her over to accept the offer that your family were kind enough to make her. She is herself very thankful for it; and I assure you that she respects your son the minister very much; and I am aware that if she was disposed to marry at all, she knows none she would prefer to him. She will not marry, however, at present; and when I tell you that she has refused several offers, young as she is, I am sure you will not feel offended at the resolution she has come to. I have done every thing that a mother could to prevail on her to marry your son; but I failed, and you know I could not think of forcing her inclinations."

"Lord! what strange cattle these foolish lassies are. They dinna know what's good for them, when it comes in their way. There's the minister I spoke o' was making up to my Mattie, and a punkie lad he was; he thought to take to psalm singing wi' her, and invited himself to her father's to take tea, and went through a' the jinks and whigmaleeries o' courtship; but Mattie's father, a dounce sponable man, wi' a long bag o' siller for her tocher, showed to her the advantage of marrying a man that had plenty o' the world's comfort for her: and weel behoves the sensible girl; she flung the empty-pouched minister aside, and took a strong affection for myself. Things are changed now though. The young women o' the present day take to novel reading, and nothing will go down now wi' them but a thing they call sentiment, or some nonsense stuff o' that kind. Now give me sense—strong sterling sense—such as Mattie had, instead of novels and sentiment."

"I assure you, Mr. Wallace, that my daughter never read a novel in her life. The truth is, she thinks herself too young to marry."

"What age is she now? but sure I needn't ask; she's nothing but what I call her—a mere wean."

"She's within a few weeks of seventeen."

"Weel! my Mattie was a trifle beyont that; she had got up to No. 3, wi' a cipher after it; and am no sayin' that if it were na for the state yon unfortunate minister is in about her, and that I'd be anxious for his own sake to see her his wife, that No. 3, wi' the nought at its tail, is a good sensible age for a woman to marry at. You think there is no hope then?"

"Not the slightest, Mr. Wallace; and I assure you, I am sorry for it, both for the girl's own sake and your's. I am certain she never will again get such an offer."

"Weel, ma'am, we've done our duty. We must only send him on his travels. He had once an intention of becoming a missionary; but as we didna like to part wi' him, we put him off the notion o't. However, he told his brother Joe the other day that if he failed here he'd try his hand among some o' the Pagan islands abroad."

"I hope God will preserve and prosper him wherever he goes," replied Mrs. Brindsley; "I can never cease to

respect him and his family for the honour they intended my humble child."

"Well, ma'am, we've done our best; when things are come to the worst they maun mend. I'll be wishing you good day, Mrs. Brindsley; and if the young woman should change her mind, you know where to find us."

It is scarcely necessary to say, that Mrs. Brindsley felt excessively mortified, if not afflicted, at the obstinacy which could prompt her daughter to reject such an advantageous match; and it occasioned her the more anxiety, as she feared that Maria's motive in declining it, arose from what she suspected to be—a secret attachment to young Clinton. She now felt anxious to have her removed from the neighbourhood, especially as the young officer had got a second month's leave of absence. On this point, however, she had not much to fear. The next day was that appointed for her journey to Armagh. A public car passed every day through the village where she lived, to that ancient city, and she employed the remainder of that day in making preparations for this first change in her daughter's position in the world.

On the next morning, that of her departure, her mother said to her,

"My dear Maria, I have been thinking of that bit of paper which Stuart the spelman sealed up; it can signify very little either one way or the other; for what can a poor deaf and dumb man like him know of our future fortunes? I think then, as you are going into the world, that it might be both proper and necessary to let you know the contents of it. I will open it."

"Don't for your life, my dear mother," replied Maria: "you know he wrote on the other paper that the knowledge of it might be my ruin. I feel no wish—no curiosity to know it; and with my consent it never will be opened, until the day of my marriage. If my life passes without any likelihood of being married, then indeed it will be a different matter; but at present I beg of you not to open it."

"Very well, my dear," replied Mrs. Brindsley, "as it was principally on your account that I wished to do so, and as you refuse to consent to it, I will put it past unopened."

We will not dwell upon the scene of their separation the next morning, but we may briefly recapitulate the excellent advice which her mother, with tears of bitter sorrow flowing down her cheeks, bestowed on her ere she went.

"Now, my darling child," said she, "you are going into a strange situation in the world—in a large town where there is much vice and wickedness, and where, no doubt, in consequence of your extraordinary beauty, you will be beset with many snares and temptations that you may find it difficult to resist. Remember this, however, that if you depend upon your own strength you are lost. During your past life, ever since you had sense to think, you acted, as far as I could judge, under the influence of true religion. You never neglected your morning and evening prayers to God, your creator and protector, and never do, my darling Maria. Place

yourself under the Providence of the Almighty—you have no father but him—and believe me, he will be a father to you if you worship him in spirit and in truth. Avoid light company, and do not associate with any of your companions who are fond of improper amusements and pleasure. Attend your parish church regularly, and let your conduct be proper and modest, and such as will gain you the respect of all those whose good opinions are worth anything. If they sneer at you for your sobriety of manner, meet it by cheerfulness and good humour, and if they call you a prude, laugh them, if you can, out of their prejudices, and leave them to their levity. Write to me often, as I will to you; and now, may the blessing of God go with you and protect you—as it will if you seek it and deserve it!"

A long, affectionate, and tearful embrace then succeeded—for the public car stopped at the door, and Maria, still steeped in tears, took her place upon it. The car then drove off, and her bereaved mother went in to her childless hearth, where she wept bitterly. Maria, on her way, caught a view of the parish church, which she had ever been in the habit of attending. As she did, her eyes filled with tears, which she quietly wiped away. May we ask why she did shed them on looking on that parish church, or whether the associations which it excited were strictly in accordance with religion or not? but, perhaps, the reader will become acquainted with all this in due time.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### MARIA ENTERS UPON LIFE—MISS TRAVERS, HER CHARACTER AND ESTABLISHMENT.

THIS was the first occasion on which Maria had ever travelled beyond the bounds of her native parish, the scenery of which was very beautiful. That she felt that separation from her mother with the most profound emotions of sorrow, need scarcely be asserted. That mother had loved and cherished her from her infancy, with a tenderness and a brooding care, that could never be surpassed by any emanation of affection that ever proceeded from the heart of woman. All those delightful emotions of various attachments that are divided and spent upon several objects, were gathered together and concentrated upon her. To her the girl was life, love, and an impersonation of all that could be dear to her in this world—her hope, her pride, and her consolation. Maria's attachment, on the other hand, was worthy of such love. That mother was to her a friend that embodied all the dearest relations of life, and a companion, beyond whose society her affectionate heart never wished to pass. No wonder, then, that each felt so bitterly on the occasion of this their first separation. Maria, however, was young, and her imagination vivid. The first thing that checked her grief and diverted her heart from the object of her thoughts, was the novelty of the impressions made upon it by the striking beauty of the scenery through which she passed. Those impressions were fresh and new, and filled her with sensations of

pure and delightful enjoyment. The contemplation of all the varied imagery of the country, as she went along from one beautiful residence and piece of scenery to another, kept her thoughts in a perpetual play of novelty and pleasure. This, in her case, is not to be wondered at, for the girl, though unconscious of it, possessed a natural love and relish for the beautiful in all its various aspects. It was, in fact, the poetry of youth, expanding itself upon the charms of the scenery by which she was surrounded. This, we say, for a time superseded her sorrow, but only for a time, for ever and anon the recollection of her mother and of their separation, would return, and immediately the quick sob and sudden tear were certain to follow. Labouring under those alternations of feeling, she at length reached Armagh, where, having engaged a boy to carry her trunk, she found out the residence of Miss Travers with very little trouble.

On arriving there, she gave a very timid single knock, and, after more than usual delay, was admitted into a rather narrow hall, where the boy placed her trunk, and then took his departure. A woman, somewhat under middle age, and about the middle size, had opened the door; but on looking at Maria, she started, paused, looked more attentively, and seemed to examine her with a degree of wonder which she could not disguise.

"Lord bless us!" she exclaimed, in tones that were inaudible to Maria, "who can this be?"

Maria, however, lost no time in presenting Mrs. Clinton's letter. "This," said she, "is, I believe, where Miss Travers lives?"

"It is, indeed, Miss."

"Would you be kind enough to give her this letter, and say that the person who brought it is here?"

"Deil a foot a'll go anywhere till I get you a seat in the parlour first. Come in this way;" and she immediately placed a chair for her. "Haith, a couldn't allow the like o' you to stand in the hall anyway. Take a seat now and rest yourself, and a'll deliver your letter."

She went out to seek for Miss Travers, whom she found in her own bed-room, taking some materials for dress out of a large oak press. She knocked at the door, and asked, in a somewhat loud voice:

"Ir ye there, mistress?"

"Yes, Becky; what do you want?"

"Want, mistress! why deil a sich a creature ever dropped from heaven, as there's in the parlour below."

"What do you mean, Becky? Did I not often desire you never to go barefooted after breakfast? Advice, however, is lost upon you; the moment you leave me, go and put on clean shoes and stockings, and don't let any respectable person see you in that trim. You're a disgrace, in your nasty bare feet and legs, to any respectable establishment. Who is below stairs?"

"A don't know—a can't say; but, in truth, a think she must be a stray angel, and deil a thing else. Do hurry down, and see her, mistress."

"Why, Beck, who is she? or what is she? Is she a lady? You foolish woman. She's probably some

customer. Does she wish to see me? but I need not ask. What's that in your hand? Is it a letter?"

"Goodness have a guide of us, am the most light-headed flipe alive. Yes, mistress, it's a letter she bid me give you."

Miss Travers took the letter, looked narrowly at the seal, for Mrs. Clinton had impressed it with the family arms; but being by no means skilled in the mysteries of heraldry, Miss Travers failed to decipher either the motto or the crest, and, consequently, to trace the writer without referring to the inside, which she immediately did, and soon made herself acquainted with its contents. In the meantime, Becky, whose curiosity was excited to the highest pitch, had kept her ground until the communication was read, and the seal once more inspected, when she said: "Goodness me, who is she, mistress?"

"Begone, Beck," replied Miss Travers, indignantly—"begone, I say; get on your shoes and stockings; and don't dare to put impertinent questions to me. I will not bear such liberties; begone, I say; and tell the young woman I shall come down to her in a few minutes."

"Well, only wait till you see her, mistress; and then if you blame me for wishing to know who she is, I'll forgive you, that's all a say." And having said so, she went down to deliver her message.

Miss Travers was prepared, by the letter she had just read, to find a very handsome young woman below stairs; but certainly, on entering the parlour where Maria was seated, who rose when she came in, she was every whit as much amazed as poor Becky, at the blaze of youth and beauty that flashed upon her. Maria's form, manner, and whole deportment, displayed those graces of easy and lady-like motion, which are so often inherited from the bountiful hand of nature herself. She was one of those girls on whom the plainest dress becomes genteel and graceful; but, on this occasion, she was really dressed rather above her station in life. The consequence was, that Miss Travers felt very nearly confounded by her whole appearance, and could scarcely deceive herself so far as not to believe that a lady of much respectability actually stood before her. There is always associated with the qualities we have enumerated, an ease and superiority of language, and an elevation of thought, in perfect keeping with personal accomplishments so rare and interesting; a fact which every close observer of life must have frequently remarked.

Of Miss Travers, who is to be one of the *dramatis personæ* in our truthful tale, we feel it necessary to give our readers some information, both as to her person, general character, and antecedents. She was, at the time of her *debut* here, about thirty-two or thirty-three, or "by'r lady," thirty-six years of age. She was tall; and the plump fulness of youth was a by-gone recollection, and to herself by no means a pleasant one. In her personal appearance, she was decidedly equivocal. Whether she had been handsome in her youth, nobody who had not seen her in her youth could tell. Whether

she was handsome now or the reverse, Oedipus himself could not determine. Her countenance assumed so many phases of expression, that we can compare it to nothing with so much truth, as those dissolving views which are seen in public exhibitions, where, whilst one particular object, or class of objects, is distinctly exposed to us, lo! a few moments, and another object or class of objects, completely dissimilar, appears to our astonished sight. So was it with Miss Travers. At one time, you felt yourself on the point of pronouncing her rather handsome, when, in an instant, some change of position, or some feeling or sentiment that impressed itself on her features, conveyed such an expression as led you to the very opposite conclusion. She was tall in person, and, in certain attitudes, appeared not deficient in something like grace; but immediately, on unconsciously assuming another posture, every trace of harmony or proportion in her outline disappeared, and she seemed, to a painful degree, both stiff and angular. So, in truth, was it with her disposition and temper. On some occasions she was placid, amiable, and generous, whilst on others she exhibited the pendency of the miser, and the ferocity of the tigress. Her control over her workwomen and apprentices was, consequently, very uncertain; but on the whole, the spirit which prevailed was the domineering. To this there was one exception, in the person of a journeywoman named Betty McClean, who had gained such an ascendancy over her that, although they fought three or four battles every week, yet Betty never failed to put her down in every single encounter. If the heart of man is strange, what must not the heart of woman be? Those two females, though leading a life of apparent hostility and riot, could scarcely live without each other. Betty McClean's advice in anything connected with the house and business, was uniformly final and triumphant; and in no case was there anything of importance done without it. Yet she and her mistress fought like cats or devils, almost every day. As to Miss Travers, there is one fact which ought to be recorded to her immortal honour. When she had an aged mother, a still more helpless father, and a family of brothers and sisters to maintain by her skill and labour, she devoted all her energies to their support, and never rested until she saw the latter respectably settled in life, and her two aged parents placed in their last bed, under a decent tombstone, raised to their memory at her own expense. In addition to all this, there was considerably far in the distance, an *ideal*—which ideal consisted of the *eidolon*, of what Miss Travers uniformly termed, in its highest and most respectable professional sense, “an officer of excise;” but in the usual *parlance*, a common gauger. This worthy gauger, whose name was Thady McScent, had, according to Miss Travers's version of the circumstances, suffered in the several items of agony, disappointment, complaint of the heart, despair, delirium tremens—which was hereditary in the family—and an incessant thirst of so peculiar a character, that it could not, under any possible circumstances, be assuaged by

any quantity of mere water. If those were not sufficiently strong proofs of his attachment for her, it would be difficult to conjecture what could. In their last interview she had given him a conditional refusal of so decided a bearing, that he went out that night, in a state of despair, to seize a still, and was relieved from all his sorrows by a shot from one of the illicit distillers, who sent the unfortunate lover home with his heels foremost. It was out of regard to his memory that any time Miss Travers ever took a glass of punch, which was only every day after dinner, she always made it a point of conscience and undying affection to prefer the pure poteen.

We have already said, that Miss Travers was literally confounded by the extraordinary beauty and lady-like elegance of Maria Brindsley. This was fact. On entering the parlour she started as Becky had done; and when Maria rose, she said:

“Pray be seated, Miss Brindsley. I hope you had an agreeable journey.”

“I have never before been separated from my mother, ma'am,” replied Maria, “and the thought of that separation was and is very painful to me; otherwise the journey was a pleasant one, and the country as we came along delightful. At least I thought it so; but that might be, perhaps, because it was new to me.”

“Well, perhaps so, too, Miss Brindsley, and I have no doubt but it was. Mrs. Clinton speaks very highly of you, as she does, indeed, of every thing and every body, on which account her good opinion is worth cultivating. I am sure, Miss Brindsley,” she proceeded, “that, from your great beauty, you must have had a rare number of admirers; and, I suppose, considerable practice at dressmaking?”

Maria, who felt the close combination of those two interrogatories rather puzzling, only blushed; but after a little replied to the last question, which Miss Travers, however, applied to the first.

“Only in a plain way, ma'am.”

“Well, my dear, even so, plainness in love or courtship is a valuable principle. I remember, at least, *one* beautiful instance of it; but, alas! Miss Brindsley, it is only now a recollection—a mere dream.”

“But I spoke only of dressmaking, ma'am,” said Maria. “My mother made up plain dresses for the country people, and I assisted her to the best of my humble ability. If you expect much then from me, Miss Travers, I fear you will be sadly disappointed. All that my mother knew of the business, proceeded from natural taste and cleverness, for she was never taught.”

“Well, my dear, it sometimes happens that ignorance is superior to education, and in that case it requires a person to be indifferent to both to form an impartial opinion.”

Poor Maria could make no reply whatsoever to such an inscrutable aphorism as this, and she accordingly remained silent.

“Have you ever been in Armagh before?” asked Miss Travers.

"Never, ma'am," replied Maria; "nor have I ever been beyond the bounds of my native parish until this day."

"In the course of the evening then, I shall bring you out to see our town, or rather our city. They tell me it was built by St. Patrick, who was the first king of it, and killed Brian Boroo with his own hand, at the battle of Bannockburn. There's a nephew of mine, a young medical student, who gives me much information upon those curious old subjects when he is at home, and happens to spend an evening with me. He says it was called the Battle of Bannockburn because St. Patrick made the field of battle so hot upon Brian Boroo and his soldiers, that the scones or bannocks which they had slung in bags at their backs were all burned, so that a great many of his men, who died in the field, were slain by starvation. You are hungry, of course, after your journey; but we will have a check (lunch) together, and after that I will show you the city. The same city is considered the handsomest inland town in Ireland"—a compliment, by the way, which Armagh well deserves.

She accordingly rang the bell, and having ordered up substantial refreshments, she proceeded to put a few more questions to Maria.

"What family has your mother, Miss Brindsley?"

"None but myself, ma'am."

"Your father is dead, Mrs. Clinton tells me; do you remember him?"

"He died abroad, ma'am, either about the time when I was born or soon after it. He never saw me. I had also a brother and sister, but they died early, almost when children, so that I am all that was left to comfort my dear and affectionate mother, who is a lonely woman this day—lonely and childless, I may say," and here her eyes filled with tears.

"No, no, my dear, not childless; but there is one thing, indeed two, that I must press upon you; don't fret; you are well, and your mother is well; and don't take too much sugar or milk in your tea, or it will quite spoil your complexion. Indeed it is well known that nothing does it so much as fretting. In general, I believe, nobody with a good complexion ever gives way to fretting, because it sustains the spirits, and keeps a healthy colour in the cheeks."

The poor girl was puzzled again, and could only reply somewhat in the equivocal language uttered by the dressmaker.

"Indeed, I believe you are right, ma'am."

Miss Travers then took out the letter, and having once more cast her eye on it, she said, as she folded it up and put it in her pocket:

"By the way, Miss Brindsley, your kind patroness says here that you have already had several offers of marriage, and all highly advantageous, yet that you refused them.

"Why," replied Maria, "I really can't tell. I believe I am good-looking, at least they tell me so, and I suppose they took a fancy to me. As for myself, I

have no inclination for marriage at present, and that is simply the reason why I refused them."

"Take care, Miss Brindsley," returned the dressmaker, smiling, and significantly shaking her forefinger at her, "take care, now; perhaps the favourite individual for whom you took a fancy did not offer. May I ask, now, whether you could conscientiously say, that you are heart-free this moment?"

Whatever Maria might think of the question, whether impertinent and unjustifiable or not, in a person who was a perfect stranger to her, and had no right to put it—all we can say is, that she blushed deeply, and hesitated for a few moments, after which she replied:

"I assure you, Miss Travers, I have seen no person yet whom I could think of accepting as my husband."

"Well, my dear, I admit that your reply is very candid; but as for me, I am not an enemy to love in a young woman, provided she restrains it within due limits. It is, I think, a healthy passion, prevents the appetite from becoming exuberant, and keeps the mind agreeably engaged, whilst the hands are at work. I know this from experience, nor will I deny, Miss Brindsley, that I loved and was beloved; but, alas, there is a doom in those things. I was told long ago by a spaeman—he was one of the Stuart family, who never foreto'd anything that did not come out true—that I should not be married until near thirty—and I assure you that I have a proposal of marriage before me at this present time. This, however, is a secret, and I beg you will not mention it until I permit you."

Maria started at a case which she considered somewhat analogous to her own, leaving the point of time out of the question, but made no reply, except to assure Miss Travers that she would preserve her secret.

Whilst this characteristic dialogue was proceeding in the parlour, Becky, the servant, carried the tidings of Maria's beauty to the workroom, where her arrival, and the object of it, were soon understood. Miss Travers had mentioned to them, that she expected an interesting young person from a distant part of the country, who had been recommended to her by a lady of the highest respectability. The account of her extraordinary beauty, however, had set them on the *qui vive*, and nothing could surpass their eagerness to ascertain with their own eyes, the interesting fact, whether she was such a paragon as Becky had represented her.

When snack or lunch was over—or we should rather say dinner, for in fact it was made such—Miss Travers desired Becky to bring down her shawl, as she was going, she said, to show the town to Miss Brindsley.

"And, Becky," said she, "tell the girls to dine by themselves to-day. Miss Brindsley and I have dined, but we will join them at tea."

When they closed the hall door after them, on going out, the noise brought the work-women in a rush to the windows, to catch a glimpse of the great beauty, but alas, in vain. They could see nothing of the great beauty, but a rather tall, and very graceful and elegant figure, from which they insisted that Becky was a blockhead and

a blunderer, and that the young lady they saw walking with Miss Travers could not be the poor journeywoman she had expected from the country.

We shall not dwell upon their stroll through this beautiful town at any length. Maria, who had never before been out of her native village, looked upon it with wonder, and thought there was no end to its immense size. She wondered how so many people could find means of living in it, and asked Miss Travers if Dublin was much larger?

"Why my dear," replied Miss Travers, "you might almost steal it out of Dublin, without its being missed. I lived in Dublin, and conducted Miss Affleck's establishment for many years, and I think I ought to know."

It would be concealing the truth to say, that even this public appearance of Maria in the Armagh metropolis, did not occasion many persons to feel surprised by her beauty, and the exquisite symmetry and elegance of her person. Several individuals of both sexes, and of every age, stood to look after her, and not a few inquiries were made as to who the young female was who accompanied Miss Travers through the town.

In the course of the evening they joined the other girls at tea, and, truth to tell, their curiosity was gratified, but in a manner for which they were not prepared. This rustic Grace burst upon them like a vision of light; but then they witnessed such modesty, such unassuming pretensions, and such deference to them all, that they involuntarily treated her with a degree of respect, such as they had never manifested towards Miss Travers herself. Nor did that compound of incompatible qualities feel in the slightest degree offended at this. On the contrary, she felt quite proud of her, and whenever she addressed her, always made it a point to do so as Miss Brindsley. To have such a girl there, would, she concluded, give importance and *éclat* to her establishment, and for this reason, she determined to treat her with particular respect. The other girls were also delighted with the sweetness and amiability of her manners, as well as with her residence among them, and for reasons which will be quite sufficient, at least to our female readers. There was a *young lady*—for so she insisted on being called—from Dublin, the forewoman of the establishment, who was, to say the truth, very clever and very handsome. She was vain of her beauty, and of her superiority in a knowledge of her trade over the others, whom she treated on all occasions with ill temper, and the most undisguised contempt. In fact she was vindictive, jealous of any want of respect, proud and coquetish to absurdity, whenever she had an opportunity of being so. Her fine eye was brilliant, no doubt, but there was a sparkle of malignant

fire in it, which, when lit up in her mood of ill-temper, deprived her otherwise fine face of half its beauty. It is unnecessary to say that she was no favourite with her companions, who were now delighted at the presence of a rival among them, who surpassed her so far in those personal attractions, for the possession of which she had given herself such offensive and insolent airs. There was, therefore, a complacency and satisfied sense of triumph in their conduct and bearing towards Maria, which mortified the young lady from Dublin to the heart. She never spoke to Maria during the whole evening, but she contrived to bestow upon her certain glances which betokened any thing but good will, whilst every glance was accompanied by a visible sneer of contempt, which she was by no means anxious to conceal.

The next day, one, at least, of the tasks of life began. She commenced to labour, but she felt it not as such. This sensible and excellent girl understood her duty too well to repine at *that*. The only cause of anxiety she had was her separation from her mother, and this reflection kept her spirits in a depressed state for a considerable time, although we are bound to say, in justice to her kind-hearted companions, that she received at their hands every mark of respect and good will. With a fine natural intellect, and surprising aptitude at acquiring and retaining information upon every matter connected with her business, it need scarcely be said that she made a rapid and extraordinary progress, although we must say, that Miss Bennet, the young lady from Dublin, omitted no opportunity of throwing every obstacle in her way. On some occasions she went so far as to give her wrong instructions, in order to lead her into discreditable mistakes, but such was the quick and perceptive spirit of her young rival, that she detected at once the snares that had been set for her, and consequently succeeded in avoiding them.

As it was, her life here for a time was any thing but disagreeable. Betty McClean, herself a first-rate workwoman, became her staunch friend and supporter in the establishment; nor did this fact occasion any diminution in Miss Travers's good will towards her. Betty, who saw the envious spirit by which Miss Bennet was animated, resolved in her own mind, not only to protect Maria from her ungenerous manoeuvres, but to involve herself in one of the traps which she was in the habit of laying for her unoffending companion. This, it is true, was not easily done; for as to Miss Bennett, though jealous and malicious, she was an admirable workwoman, clever, ready-witted, and prepared for a reply upon any emergency. Still, honest Betty kept her eye on her, and with what effect will be seen hereafter.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

## IRISH RHYMES, RHYMERS AND RATS.

BY EDWARD McMAHON.

SHYLOCK.—What if my house be troubl'd with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it ban'd?

SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice*.

Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats,  
In drumming tunes.

BEN JONSON: *The Poetaster*.

If the first satire ever written cannot with any certainty be ascribed to the pen of Simonides, he is at least averred to be the author of the most ancient relique of this species of literary composition extant. Be this as it may, however, from his era, somewhere about four hundred years anterior to the siege of Troy, down to our own times, no class of writers have been found so difficult of control as those who while aspiring to merely

"View Nature's paths, shoot folly as it flies,  
And catch the manners living as they rise,"

yet too frequently recognise no distinction between satire and ribaldry, or between scurrility and wit. "I cannot," Addison has observed, "but look upon the finest strokes of satire which are aimed at particular persons, and which are supported even with the appearances of truth, to be the marks of an evil mind, and highly criminal in themselves." But we cannot venture to endorse in its totality this trenchant dictum of the great moral essayist. We must recollect, notwithstanding that at times they may lose their cunning of pencil, and ignore the interests of the art in those of the artist, that the most vigorous word-paintings of the manners and customs of their respective ages, the most graphic delineations of character, and the most fearless exposé and reproof of the *gaucheries* and vices which fashion countenances, are to be found in the pages of the satiric authors of antiquity. The true intent of satire is the annihilation of depravity and the reprobation and correction of folly. To effect these ends the censor,

"Averse alike to flatter or offend,"

may either sway a scourge with the virile and nervous energy of a Juvenal until "the galled jade wince," or assume the visor of Democritus, and with a Horace laugh it to shame. In intemperance beyond this latitude the art has no existence. As Pope has noted, "to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite."

Of the very remote antiquity of satire (*aeir*) in Ireland, the national annals furnish indubitable and conclusive evidence. In truth, at so distant a period as that when the Brehon code was framed, such was the scme of arrogance and intolerance to which its professors had attained, and so much dreaded was the invective weapon which they wielded, that we find that famous repertory of forensic prudence comprising several rigorous penal statutes in relation to it. The reputation

of this satire was two-fold; one being simply designed to reproach in the import of a modern pasquinade, while the other was of a more malignant nature, for the subject of it was not merely censured but imprecated. The first ever composed in Ireland is traditionally said to have been by Cairbre-mac-Eathna, surnamed Crithinbheal, whose special vocation such effusions were, for Breas-mac-Ealathain, a monarch of the Tuatha-de-Danann, but a Fomorian by descent, who flourished, as appears from the "Ogygia," in the year of the world 2764. A transcript of this satire is still preserved amongst the MSS. in the noble Library of Trinity College, and according to Dr. O'Donovan, is the most ancient specimen of the Irish language in being. In chronological sequence the next most notable example of the satiric *ars poetica* is the metrical shaft forged by a certain Neidhe-mac-Adhna, circa A.M. 3950, and directed against his paternal uncle Caier, or Caicher, King of Connacht. This is referred to in the "Glossary" of the regal *literateur* Cormac-mac-Cuillennaa, under the word *gaire*, implying "brevity of life," and would seem to have been rather an *easgaine*, or virulent imprecation, than an ordinary lampoon, as it is fabled not only in the first instance to have miraculously disfigured Caier's countenance, but ultimately to have proved fatal. Nearly contemporary the "Book of Ballymote," in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, notices a satirist of distinction named "Athairne of Beann Eatair," the present Hill of Howth, and, further down the stream of time, another entitled Laidginn-mac-Barcead, who was poet-laureate to Niall the Great, best celebrated by his agnomen of *Naoghiallach*, or "of the Nine Hostages," monarch of Ireland at the close of the fourth century, and who, in consequence of the death of his only son, vindictively showered his poetic darts with blighting effect upon the Lagenians during an entire year. There is a story preserved in the *Leabhar Breac*, or "Speckled Book," of the Mac Egans, anent a pasquinade composed for the Kinel-Fiacha (Mac Geoghegans) of Westmeath by some satirists, in which their lineage from the above-mentioned illustrious sovereign was questioned with ludicrous acerbity and scorn, and which irritated the sept to such a degree, that at a locality called Rosseor they slew the offenders, although they were under the tutelage of Saint O'Suanaigh of Raithin, now Rahin, King's County, in expiation of which *sarrghadh* or infringement of his termon (sanctuary) they were territorially mulcted for the advantage of the ecclesiastical endowments of Raithin.

Amongst the memorabilia of the year 1414 the "Annals of the Four Masters" gravely record the fate of Sir John Stanley, Lord Deputy of Ireland, "a man who gave neither sufferance nor protection to clergy, laity, or men of science, but subjected as many of them as he happened upon to cold, hardship, and famine," and who at length, on account of his despoliation of Niall O'Higgins, a satirist of the county of Westmeath, was by him poetized with such virulence and mercilessness that he survived the infliction of the *aeir*

but five weeks! This Niall was renowned for his rhythmical miracles, a noted exemplification being his chastisement of the Clanna Conway, whose hair became gray in a single night,

"As men's have grown through sudden fears,"

for their defraudment of the poet.

That the English writers of the Elizabethan age were familiar with this singular and formidable attribute of the Irish bards, is evident from the frequent allusions to it in their works. Thus Reginald Scot, in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft," remark: "The Irish . . . will not sticke to affirme that they can rime either man or beaste to death." In fact, the reign of the monarchess in question may be regarded as the climacteric of their ascendancy, for of such political moment was their harmonious escapades esteemed, that severe formal and explicit statutes were enacted against them, as well as those who countenanced or even entertained them, resulting in the gradual but sure decadence of their influence. That the war a *l'outrance* thus entered upon against the bards was energetically prosecuted, will be seen by an excerpt from articles conformed to, *inter alia*, by the Earl of Desmond in 1563, and which are preserved among the State Papers of that year: "Item, For as much as no smale enormities doo growe within those shires [the counties of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick] by the continuall recourse of certaine idle men of lewde demeanour, called *rhyimers*, bards, and dyce players, and carroghs, who under pretence of their travaill doo bring privy intelligence betwene the malefactors inhabytinge in these severall shires, to the greate destruction of true subjects, that ordres be taken with the saide lordes and gentlemen [his suite] that none of those sects nor outthere like evil persons be suffirde to travaill within there rules, as the statutes of Irelande doo appoint, and that proclamation be made accordinglye, and that whosoever after the proclamation shall maynteine or suffre any suche idle men wythin there severall territories, that he or they shall paye suche fines as to the discretion of the saide commissioners or presidents [of Munster] for the time being shall be thought goode. Item, For that those rymors doo by their ditties and rhymes made to dyvers lordes and gentlemen in Irelande in the commendation and highe praise of extorsion, rebellyon, raven, and onthere injustice, encourage those lordes and gentlemen rather to followe those vices then to leve them, and for making of such rhymes rewards are gyven by the saide lordes and gentlemen, that for abolishinge of soo hey-nouse an abuse ordres be taken with the saide earle, lordes, and gentlemen, that none of them from hence-forthe doo give any manner of reward for any suche lewde rhymes, and he that shall affende the ordres to paye for a fyne to the Queen's Majestie double the value of that he shall so paye, and that the rymor that shall make any suche rhymes or ditties shall make fyne according to the discretiance of the saide commissioners, and that proclamation be made accordinglye." Of these disquieting versifiers the poet Spenser, also, in his

"View of the State of Ireland," thus writes: "There is amongst the Irish a certaine kind of people, called *bardes*, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men in their poems or rymes, the which are had in so high regard and estimation amongst them, that none dare displease them for feare to runne into reproach thorough their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouthes of all men. For their verses are taken up with a generall applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings, by certaine other persons, whose proper function that is, who also receive for the same great rewardes and reputation amongst them." Too prejudiced not to echo the shibboleth that represented the bards as ever most inclined to "glorifie in their rithmes" "such bad persons as live lawlesslie and licentiouslie upon stealthes and spoyles," the author of the "*Faerie Queene*," however, ingeniously adds, "I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their naturall device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is as great pitty to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorne and beautifie vertue." But as even the transposition of a word or alteration of a metre in an alien ballad by a translator is sufficient to invert the original, it is perfectly obvious that Spenser's defective affinity with the Irish bards, his attempts to reduce them to the level of his own fancy, and imperfect acquaintance with their idioms, to say nothing of his partisan bent, were the real sources of his inability to thoroughly appreciate the beauty and spirit of their compositions.

To ingratiate himself, doubtless, with the administration that had struck the key-note of the hue-and-cry against the bards, in the year 1572 Conor O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, enforced the penal enactments affecting their order with such severity that, as we learn from the "Four Masters," he gibbeted three of the most distinguished, for which "abominable and treacherous act" he was pilloried to merited ignominy in their invectives. Wit and judgment are often antagonistic, and about this same time a poet, named Teige Dall O'Higgins, undeterred by the menaces of a sanguinary code, satirized certain members of the sept of O'Hara, of Leyny, in the county of Sligo, who had "looted" his residence of some of its edibles and potables. In this *aeir* he limned, with a pencil dipped in gall, the emaciated appearance of the unwelcome visitors, whom he designated "anatomies of death, living corpses," and earnestly supplicated might never perish in warfare, but exist to eternity, which would be worse than any mortality! The sequel is an illustrative comment on the character of an era when the Irish soil was incarnadined through civil strife and foreign interposition. So exacerated were the subjects of the satire, that they hastily returned to the author's house, and not only cut out his tongue, but slew his unoffending wife and child in cold

blood. In the course of the year 1602 the celebrated Florence Mac Carthy, when confined in the Tower of London, wrote a letter to Cecil, which is still extant in the State Papers Office, in which he advised that wily minister to test the venality of the "rimers," who, with the clergy, were of the "greatest ability and authority" in Ireland, and most determined in their hostile resistance to the domination of Queen Elizabeth. One of the earliest fruits of this suggestion, which received the secret approval and promotion of Lord Mountjoy and Sir George Carew, was an exceedingly caustic satire entitled "The Tribes of Ireland," written by Aenghus Ruadh (Roe) O'Daly, one of the hereditary bards of the county of Meath, and incidentally distinguished as *Aenghus na n-aer*, "Angus of the Satires," in contrast to others bearing a similar christian name. Engrafting on a slight narrative of a tour through the kingdom, specially undertaken to obtain material for the work, a large bulk of historical and genealogical gossip, the author exercises his wit by criticising with a most reprehensible freedom, albeit at times with a dash of genuine humour, the manners and customs of the ancient Irish families, as well as such of the descendants of the Anglo-Normans as by intermarriage with them had, like the Geraldines, become *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*. The hypercriticism of a worthy knight who figures in Morton's comedy of "A Cure for the Heartache," rendered commendation from him so unexpected, that the rare bestowal of it occasioned a current proverb. "Approval from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed," and it is therefore noteworthy, that with two exceptions, such were the incitements of party, there is not a tittle of landation in "The Tribes of Ireland," despite the liberal entertainment everywhere courteously accorded the author, in virtue of his poetic office. The first example occurs in the instance of the Clanna Dalaigh, or O'Donnells of Tirconnell, at this period the most powerful sept in Ireland, and of whose vengeance the bard admits he had a salutary terror, and the second in that of Mac Cann, chief of the Clanna Breasail, who resided near the confluence of the Upper Bann with Lough Neagh, and whom, *mirabile dictu*, he represents as undeserving of censure. To the O'Donnells he thus alludes:—

"Should I satirize the Clann Dalaigh  
The race of Adam would not protect me;  
The Clann Dalaigh would be a shelter to me  
Were I to satirize the race of old Adam."

"To place you over their heads  
Is no disgrace to the men of Eirín;  
Small streams naturally flow seaward,  
O fair hero of Loch Feabhail!"

The first stanza has been paraphrased by the gifted and lamented Clarence Mangan as follows:—

"By me the Clan-Daly shall never be snubbed,  
I say nothing about them, for were I to flout them  
The world would not save me from getting well  
drubbed;  
While with *them* at my beck (or my back) I  
Might drub the whole world well without fear of one  
black eye!"

The "hero of Loch Feabhail"—that is Lough Foyle near Derry—mentioned in the second *rann*, was the famous Aodh Ruadh (Red Hugh) O'Donnell, a chief like the Preux Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, whose capture under circumstances of the greatest perfidy by Sir John Perrott, Lord Deputy of Ireland, in 1587, when he was in the sixteenth year of his age, is a memorable matter of history. He was confined in the Castle of Dublin, but escaped thence in 1590, and being retaken, succeeded in effecting his escape a second time in 1592, in which year he was solemnly inaugurated "The O'Donnell" by his clan. After the disastrous battle of Kinsale in 1602, he went to Spain to solicit military succours, but died at Simancas, about two leagues from the city of Valladolid, in the same year. The intemperate ardour of "Angus of the Satires" was at length destined to be suddenly quenched in blood. In the course of a banquet at Drom-saileach, near Roscrea, in the County Palatine of Tipperary, he was skinned through the heart at, it is affirmed, the instigation of O'Meagher, Chief of Ikerrin, whose haughty spirit would not brook the fact of the *nugæ canore* or chiming trifles of a rhymier, being made the mediums of disseminating the most insolent and opprobrious sarcasms. There was another eminent satirist of the name of O'Daly, surnamed the "dark-visaged or blind," whose brother having been executed through the instrumentality of the notorious Dr. Whaley, the author of the astrological almanacks which were published in Dublin at the "Sign of the Pot, Stephen's-green," towards the close of the seventeenth century (1696), retaliated by composing an *easgaine* on him, which, as Dr. O'Donovan observes in his able prolegomena to "The Tribes of Ireland," is "the bitterest, most wicked, and diabolical satire ever written in the Irish language." Lethal, nevertheless, as its purpose was, it fell innocuous, for the doctor was rhyme-proof, and lived to a very advanced age. The last satire of any mark written in the Irish dialect was composed in 1713 by Egan O'Rahilly, a Munster poet, on a Kerry farmer and tax-collector named Tadhg Dubh O'Croinin (Tiege Duff O'Cronin), whose descent, while administering a keen rebuke to the arrogance and illiteracy of the Cromwellian families, who at the time of the Commonwealth had been "planted" in the possessions of the native Irish, he delineated through thirteen generations to the devil! How inexpressible and universal would be the popular sense of supreme beatitude, if the rhymers of the nineteenth century were potent enough to lure tax-inventors and tax-collectors to an oblivion of their financial imposts and exactions!

From Malin Head to Cape Clear, and from the Hill of Howth to the Isles of Atran, there prevails but a single sentiment of regret that St. Patrick did not comprise "such small deer" as rats and mice in the exorcism by which he purified the Emerald Isle from its plague of toads and spotted snakes. To make amends, however, for the omission of the saint, if Irish rhymes were "once upon a time" homicidal, they were fortunately likewise verminicidal, of which reality those mem-

bers of the predaceous genera in question, who evinced dispositions of more than ordinary inquisitiveness and acquisitiveness had many a rueful lesson and example. Certes, if a bard descended the Parnassian stairs for this nonce, so unerring and mortal was the shaft which he adjusted to his satiric bow, that before it sped from the string he might confidently have ejaculated with Hamlet, as he passed his rapier through the arras and pinked Polonius :—

"How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!"

Notwithstanding that modern scepticism may be rather indisposed to include the incantations which abridged the existence of these sly rodents among the credenda of natural history, they have been repeatedly noticed by authors within the past four hundred years. In the comedy of "As You Like It," the monarch of literature causes one of his most exquisite creations to thus allude to the tradition :—

CELIA.—But did'st thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

ROSALIND.—I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Of a verity a most charming "blue stocking" was the merry daughter of the exiled Duke, who while wandering under the green leaves and by the music-haunted streamlets of the forest of Arden, thus learnedly discoursed on the spells of Irish rhymers, and the metempsychosis of the Samian philosopher, who in his doctrine taught that souls transmigrate from one body to another at death. We have seen that Ben Jonson—Rare Ben!—refers to it in the epilogue to his "Poetaster," and from his witty friend Randolph's comedy of the "Jealous Lovers" (1605—34), Dr. Grey has produced a parallel passage :—

"My poets  
Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,  
Rhyme them to death as they do rats in Ireland."

From the "Rhythmes against Martin Mar-Prelate," Archdeacon Nares in his "Glossary" cites these lines :—

"I am a rimer of the Irish race,  
And have already rimde thee staring mad;  
But if thou cease not thy bold jests to spread,  
I'll never leave till I have rimde thee dead."

Dr. Donne, the greatest wit if not the greatest poet of the reign of the first James, alludes to the practice in his "Satires," and Sir William Temple (temp. Charles II.) in his "Essay on Poetry," has this passage anent the custom : "The remains (he is speaking of the old Runic) are woven into our very language. *Mara*, in old Runic, was a goblin that seized upon men asleep in their beds, and took from them all speech and motion. Old *Nicka* was a sprite that came to strangle people who fell into the water. *Bo* was a fierce Gothick captain, son of Odin, whose name was used by his soldiers when they would fight or surprise their enemies : and the proverb of rhyming rats to death came, I suppose, from the same root." It would not be difficult to

multiply such passages, especially from the writers of the Elizabethan period, but that the popular belief in the impressibility of rats and mice by charms and spells was not confined to Ireland, we have like illustrations in the works of foreign authors. Quaint old Pontoppidan assures us that in former times the peasants of Norway held an annual day of humiliation and fast, trusting thereby to ostracise these pests and the "lemmings," animals that appear at intervals in the north of Europe, multitudinous as locusts, although, strange to say, where they come from appears to be a mystery. He gives the form of exorcism employed on these occasions, commencing with the words,

"Exorcizo vos pestiferos vermes, mures," &c.

A persuasion in the efficacy of similar incantations is also common in Germany, where the "hamster" species of rat sometimes commits sad havoc.

The earliest notice of Irish verminicidal charms occurs in a work, referrible probably to the seventh century, entitled "The Proceedings of the Great Bardic Institution," which professes to be a romantic historical tale, but is in reality a covert satire upon the entire bardic order, and which has been edited from a vellum transcript of the fourteenth century, called the "Book of Mac Carthaigh Riabhach," by Professor Connellan for the "Ossianic Society." The incident is briefly this : Seanchan Torpest, chief ollamh (*ollav*) or poet of Erin at the beginning of the seventh century, after his installation proceeded on a tour of "official visitations" through the kingdom, in the first instance selecting for this purpose his native province of Connacht, at the court of whose king, Guaire the Hospitable, he was with his suite right royally entertained. It happened upon a certain occasion during Seanchan's sojourn here, that some *bonne bouche* which the forethought and culinary skill of his wife, Bridget, had provided for his special delectation, was, in his absence from his apartment, so made love to by mice that merely a few bones were left. "This is infamous of them," observed the bard upon his return, as he wistfully regarded the *debris*, "nevertheless there is not a king or chief, be he ever so great, but these mice desire to leave the traces of their teeth in his food, and in that they err, seeing that food cannot be partaken of by any person after the imprint of their teeth, and I will satirize them." He effects this in the course of a trio sustained by himself, his *cara sposa*, and one of the mice (!) who, swan-like, warbled ere he died, and of which we will venture to furnish a metrical version, not strictly in accordance with the letter, but by no means a lax interpretation.

SEANCHAN.

Though keen the snouts of peccant mice,  
Their power is naught in battle-fray;  
So I'll adjudge those in a trice,  
That nibbled Bridget's gift away.

MOUSE.

Of little import what she left,  
The loss is but a bagatelle;  
We'll recompense you for the theft,  
But, sapient bard, refrain thy spell!

## BRIDGET.

Long-talon'd rogue that gammons there,  
Through opposition sheer and knavish,  
You were the first refused to spare  
What I prepared with labour slavish !

## MOUSE.

It was my sleek, fair-breasted son,  
Bianan, thought, as I'm a sinner,  
Bardic omniscience to shun,  
And—hapless wight!—boned Seanchan's dinner!

## SEANCHAN.

Tush! as the spoil was shared by all  
From crannied ceiling of the room,  
Let every trembling culprit fall  
Tail over tip, and meet his doom !

Ten mice immediately fell dead to the floor in the presence of the bard, who then proceeded, in consideration of his dereliction of duty, to satirize Irusan, King of the Cats of Erinn (!) who resided in the cave of Chodbha, now Knowth, near Slane, on the banks of the Boyne, but with less fatal effect. Although a feline sovereign, Irusan was not so sensitive as to be "done to death" by any votary of the muses, even by the ollamh-laureate of Erinn himself, so, with an unmistakable prescience of the writer who was destined in long-after ages to be the historian of the Irish bards, he intelligently laid a velvety and jewelled forepaw on the side of his royal nose, and, in the vernacular, curtly but significantly rejoined—"Walker!" As a matter of course the potentiality of these incantations was supposed to consist in the acrimonious measure, more or less, in which they were couched. But as even our most puerile nursery stories, "Jack the Giant Killer," and "Puss in Boots," and "Reynard the Fox," for examples, have now-a-days become the study of the scholar, and been discovered to be "small Pompeiis of ancient manners, fossiled strata of bygone Arabian, Icelandic, or Persian antiquities," who can affirm aught to the contrary but that the Irish bards of, we fear to say how many hundred years ago, may not have be-rhymed rats from their haunts in strains such as those to which the mouse-love of the hymeneally-disposed froggy who would go a-courting whether his mother would let him or no hearkened, *arrectis auribus*, in latter times, and that a rollicking *bourdon* akin to the familiar refrain,

"With your rowley, powley, gammon, and spinach,"

may not have once awakened the echoes of Tara and Emania?

As late as the year 1776 it is on record that the Rev. John O'Mulconry, a clergyman of the Established Church, and curate of Kilrush, in the county of Clare, being descended from a family of hereditary satirists and poets, successfully exorcised the rats which infested the cemetery of Kilferagh Church, near Kilkee, in that county, in such prodigious swarms that no interment could take place there without some unpleasant *contretemps*, it being moreover affirmed that of a newly-in-

humed corpse, nothing but the bones remained after one day. After their sentence of banishment the rats migrated, to the very considerable bewilderment and terror of those who chanced to encounter them *en route*, to a sandy level known as Querin Head, on the Clare side of the Shannon, and distant about five miles from Kilferagh, where they speedily founded a burrow, and for a time citizenized themselves peaceably. This interval of relaxation from mischief, if cheering, was short. Carnivorous, granivorous, and piscivorous, they yet considered themselves "nowhere" if not omnivorous, and so serious became their depredations, not only upon the nets of the fishermen in the neighbourhood but upon their craft moored in the cove, that at length a regular battue was organised by the peasantry for their extermination. But

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft agley."

Upon the eventful day big with their fate, the first surprise over, they rat-fully, and with a determination worthy of a better cause, stood at bay, and proved themselves in the end such dangerous foes, that the assailants, although upwards of a hundred in number, and armed with almost every description of weapon from a needle to an anchor-stock, calling to memory probably the Hellenic axiom propounded by Demosthenes, and so well rendered into English by Sam Butler in "Hudibras"—

"For he that runs may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain—"

thought discretion the better part of valour, and actually ingloriously retreated, leaving the rats, happily diminished in numbers, it is true, but still overwhelming in their strength, masters of the field, of which some of their descendants retain possession to the present day. It must not be inferred, nevertheless, that professional rat-annihilators are by any means extinct. There are still to be found *soi-disant* successors of the old rhymers, who will undertake, when satisfactorily subsidized, to exorcise the entire rat population of a house or ship, in which, strange to say, they are in general successful, thanks rather to the oil of rhodium than any occult agency, but only, however, to colonize them *ad libitum* elsewhere.

Sir Philip Sidney, the friend and patron of Spenser and the cotemporary of Shakspeare, in his "Defence of Poesie," alludes to the possibility of a person being driven by a poet's rhymes to hang himself, as Bubonax did, or being rhymed to death as was said to be effected in Ireland. That "master mocker of mankind," Dean Swift, quoting this passage in his ironical "Advice to a Young Poet," remarks: "Truly, to our honour be it spoken, that power in a great measure continues with us to this day." In this first year of the seventh decade of the nineteenth century, may we not truthfully hazard a similar assertion?

## THE KING OF THULE.

BY CAVIARE.

FAR, in the green primæval time,  
 Ere heaven grew dark, or earth was old,  
 A dying queen gave to her lord  
 A drinking-cup of gold.

The cup was rich, and quaintly carved  
 With interblended lute and rose,  
 And laughing shapes, and vines that wept  
 From their deep leaves, repose.

With crimson wine that goblet blushed  
 Through the blue nights of after years;  
 But, when the king's lips touched its brim,  
 His eyes were filled with tears.

Dying, he richly did bequeath  
 Castle and town and tower away;  
 But, when they claimed the charmed vase,  
 He sighed, and answered, "Nay."

Through forest black and river swift,  
 His barons hasten'd lovingly,  
 And they caroused in a castle hall  
 That overhung the sea.

Fled the broad night above their heads,  
 In troublous clouds the great moon passed,  
 And flashed the white stars dismally,  
 Thro' the spaces of the blast.

He pledged a cup to the buried queen;  
 They slowly drained it one by one;  
 He rose and hurled the charmed vase  
 Over the turret stone.

The golden thing went glimmering down,  
 Like a falling star, to the sanded deep;  
 They looked into his aged eyes,  
 But he had sunk to sleep.

His barons round the oaken board;  
 His radiant daughter, pale with woe;  
 His soul unto his Lady-love;  
 And the cup to the waves below.

LONDON.

VOL. II.

## A DREAM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"We are but fools  
 to vainly struggle  
 With that eternal mercy which protects us."  
 —FORD'S *Lover's Melancholy*.

It is possible that some of my readers may, from my description, though a brief one, recognise the old English country-house which I shall here introduce under the name of Kesteven Grange.

So far I shall disclose that it stands at no great distance from a forest of ancient cockney celebrity; indeed some of the upper windows command a peep or two into glades and groves, which might induce one to suppose that many more than the real number of miles lie twixt the Grange and the huge city, whereas, I believe, on a clear day, to an eye as yet undimmed by years or unwedded to spectacles, the cupola of St. Paul's, perhaps its cross, is actually visible from the leads of the house.

Well! stand where it will, Kesteven Grange is a beautiful old place. I defy the most fastidious being in Christendom, or one however blind to the charms of art, or fascinations of nature, to drive up that grand old avenue of elms, and step out upon that square of green turf before that clematis-clustered porch, and not be struck, if not enraptured, with the picturesque mass of building he then beholds.

How well I remember the first time I saw it! It was on an autumnal evening—the sun was setting—long shadows lay upon the broad gravel approach; the Virginian creeper glowed with its crimson tints; the gilded sun-dial sparkled, and the letters of the quaint inscription over the door—

"Through this wide opening gate,  
 None come too early, none return too late;"

came out all the more distinctly for having the porch thrown into deep shade behind them.

The architecture is simple—a perfect specimen of its kind; but it is the complete harmony of proportion and of colour, which delights the lover of beautiful things. The red, perhaps once too fiery, has been mellowed by years, and stained by storms; and one may pick out as many greys and browns in the mass of brick-work, as in a portrait of Vandyke. The climbing plants too have grown luxuriantly, but have been clipped and trimmed with such consummate taste, that they twist about the gables and stone ornaments without hiding them, just as if a master-hand had cast only a loose garland or two over each. The inside of the house does not belie the first impression of the exterior. But I am not going to describe it. I must remember that my reader does not know Kesteven, or at any rate has not loved, as I have, its inhabitants, for thirty years back. Alas! some have gone down that avenue for the last time, and will never again leave the churchyard at the end of it; and I have a theory that acquaintance with, and love for, the inhabitants, goes a great way towards begetting admiration for the home they dwell

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in. I do not think one can thoroughly love, without admiring some one thing or place in or about the objects of affection, and which has been consecrated and hallowed by constant contact with them, and which has thereby, as it were, borrowed a physiognomy essentially theirs.

When I paid my first visit to Kesteven Grange, its owner was, I please so to name him, Mr. John Bellairs—Jack Bellairs, as he was called by those sufficiently intimate to be familiar. There were but a few, however, left, who had this privilege, for Mr. Bellairs was then considerably past seventy, and he was one of those men who had a very distinctly defined notion of the respect which age has a right to exact from such as are less advanced upon the road of life. Poor Mr. Bellairs! he would scarcely have tolerated the uncourteous free-and-easy usages of the present day. I do not think, however, that they would have penetrated within Kesteven Grange, as long as he was there. I really do not remember an instance of sons or daughters ever failing to rise from their seats when Mr. Bellairs entered the room, yet no father, or master, could be more thoroughly loved, as well as respected, by all about him. You could not know him, especially in his own house, without experiencing a mixed feeling of admiration and affection which it would be difficult to define. There was a tenderness of manner, a warmth of heart, a ready good humour; above all, there was an evident sympathy and a patient ear, whether for a tale of sorrow or joy, that went straight to one's own heart. Poor dear Mr. Bellairs! What a thorough-bred old gentleman he was! I loved him when I was a boy, from the very moment, I well remember it, that discovering something had gone wrong between my father and me, he went straight to the proper quarter, unsolicited by me, and set all to rights, as he only could, in a moment. What an extra holiday it was for me when I packed up my portmanteau, and set out for Kesteven. As a boy I did so often, but when I had left school and become a member of Merton College, Oxford, my visits were more frequent, and longer too.

It was during one of them that the peculiar circumstance I am about to relate occurred. We were assembled for Christmas, and a large merry party we were. Kesteven was a place, *par excellence*, for such doings; the Grange lent itself so remarkably to the style of old English hospitality, which Mr. Bellairs, especially at this season of the year, gloried in displaying. Success certainly crowned every effort. The fine old hall, with its huge fire-place, where the Christmas log blazed from an early hour deep into the night; the gallery, down the whole length of which the boar's head, bedecked with bays and rosemary, was carried along to the dining-room, and where, later in the evening, the Lord of Misrule reigned paramount—they were pictures at all times, but on these occasions, supereminently so. It was no joke to dance Sir Roger de Coverley, from the top to the bottom, over that polished floor. There was a tradition of a laundry-maid—all the servants were admitted on those evenings,—proceeding

straight from the dance to her early work, falling into her tub from positive exhaustion, and being only just dragged out in time by a fellow-servant, to escape an untimely death in soap suds. The gathering I am particularly about to mention, was more than usually merry.

Captain John Bellairs, or as many called him, and I among them, "Young Jack," had just returned from India with his regiment, without, as one might judge from his looks, having experienced any very great inconvenience from the much-abused climate. A handsome young fellow one could see nowhere, and, as I fancied then, and have known since, some one else was quite of my opinion. I do not mean his sister Fanny, nor Lucy either, though they were well aware—who could fail to be?—and justly proud of their brother's good looks; they might have been of their own, but they were not, dear, good, modest girls; but, although they did not know it, they were matches in beauty for "Young Jack." I can see it now, and what a picture it was, those four coming down that gallery together, backed, as it were, and set off by the crimson damask curtains and ebony furniture; old Mr. Bellairs slightly bending for support on his gold-headed cane, hanging with the other arm on "Young Jack's," the silvered head and black curling locks contrasting with each other; Fanny and Lucy tripping by their side, like fawns, and shaking those sunny brown ringlets, as they laughed and moved along. It was a match for that exquisite "Gainsborough," hanging in the blue drawing-room, representing Mr. Bellairs's father, and those two famous beauties of the day, his sisters, playing at battle-door.

We had a merry week of it that year, certainly; games of all sorts and dates brought the whole party together every night. Mr. Bellairs had a curious old volume ever at hand—a Dissertation on Christmas Pastimes—and into its dark-lettered pages he dived daily for something new for the "young ones." The house was full, and neighbours, in addition, flocked to it in goodly numbers. There was always a late supper, and I confess the exertions of the preceding hours often seemed to have sharpened all our appetites. One night a pie, from a receipt discovered of course by Mr. Bellairs, and almost mediæval in date, proved highly attractive. How the old gentleman laughed when a lady from the other end of the table sent up her plate for one little bit of the pie every one was praising, and the old circular dish could produce nothing more than the drumstick of a chicken. We all know how a glass of water, from being upset itself, upset a ministry and gave peace to exhausted France; so results, scarcely less important, certainly not to those immediately concerned, may be equally traced to this pie. At any rate I had been imprudently, perhaps greedily, seduced into eating on when hunger had been satisfied, an error which no man should ever commit if he betake himself to bed speedily after, as I did; and I tossed about all night in consequence, dreaming and waking alternately every five minutes. I know not what I did not dream of; I know I did

dream of Fanny, but I say nothing about that. Fanny is a wife now, with grown-up daughters, almost, no not quite, as pretty as herself, and if I dreamt of her then or since, what is that now to Fanny or to me? The dream I am going to relate was my last. I had faintly opened my eyes not very long before, and fancied I distinguished a streak of light through the shutter, which bespoke returning day. It was a morning dream therefore, and morning dreams, do they not come true? I saw this long streak of light across the carpet; I heard a faint chirp of early birds, but my head turned back drowsily on the pillow, and I was sound asleep again in a minute. How long this sleep lasted I knew not. When next I awoke there was no doubt about the daylight. The sun was up and streaming into my room to shame me. The servant had evidently been in, for a jug of hot water smoked upon the washing-table. The shutters were unclosed, and other preparations for my toilet perfected, and yet I had slept through them all. Was this heaviness the effect of undigested pie or of the absorbing nature of my dream?

For the dream, here it is!—

There was nothing to tell me where I was, I mean in what country, but I suddenly seemed to stand in the middle of a wide and lofty room. Not a bit of furniture was in it—it bore the appearance of having been dismantled to the utmost, and long abandoned by all former inhabitants. A heavy chain that had once been gilt, blackened now with dirt and covered with cobwebs, hung down from the centre of the ceiling; but the chandelier which had probably been attached to it in the days of bygone splendour, and had scattered brilliancy over groups of beauty and revelry, was wanting. The colours and gilding of the ceiling were faded and stained, but enough remained unhurt to prove a master-hand had guided the brush that had originally laid them on. Here and there a most exquisite group, fresh by comparison, attracted my attention, and I fancied, as I gazed, that the Orlando had furnished the subject of the painter's beautiful conceptions; the cornice was, in parts, still very perfect. The side walls had been hung with silk or velvet, arranged in panels; these were bare now, but there was still clinging to a nail a bit of the material, whatever it had been, which, no doubt, had fluttered since its pride in many a cold blast that must have penetrated through the neighbouring window; for, although several of the panes were stuffed up, many were broken, cracked and empty, affording every entrance for rain, wind, and dust. I saw this so vividly in my dream that, while I was dressing I could not help thinking a great deal about it all. In the course of the day, however, there were so many other things to occupy one's thoughts, that the dream was forgotten, and, I dare say, would never have recurred to me, had I not, two nights after, seemed a second time to stand within this same room. This time the illusion, or whatever one may call it, lasted longer, and the effect was more intense, for I seemed to walk about, curiously examining many of the beautiful remains. There were some sculptured garlands of fruits and flowers,

interspersed with the most exquisite "amorini," and which hanging, as if suspended from the cornice, formed frames to the now empty panels; these were chipped and broken, and in places wholly gone. I wandered about, looking carefully into every detail, for I have rather a taste that way, and the gallery at Kesteven, the boast of our own Gibbons, which had lately been renovated, had called up all my old enthusiasm. One bit especially struck me; it was more prominent than the rest, and seemed to court particular attention. As I went up close to it, and handled a pomegranate represented with consummate art, as bursting from excess of ripeness, a sudden whining noise struck upon my ear, and in a second the panel at my side flew up, and disclosed a flight of steps. Had I slept a moment longer, I am sure I must have sprung down these steps, but alas! I started in my sleep and awoke. The fictitious move of the spring had scared sleep. I was sitting up in the old damask bed, in the octagon chamber at Kesteven. I rubbed my eyes and strained them, but instead of a mysterious stone staircase, I was staring at the quilted applegreen satin coverlet.

All that day my dream haunted me. This second time I could not shake it off. Was this to be wondered at? I had seen all so distinctly, in such minute detail, as my present description after many years, proves I think. I was moody, *pré-occupé* the whole morning. Fanny more than once asked me why I was so stupid. She attacked me again and again, and to escape persecution, I promised to solve the mystery of my sudden fit of dulness the next day. The idea of making a drawing of the scene as the best kind of description, had come into my head, and I brought it down the next afternoon. Fanny quizzed and laughed till her bright eyes overbrimmed with tears of fun.

In a day or two the time of my happy visit was up. My college was to meet the following week, and I had to go home for a day or two previous to my return to Oxford. On opening my desk on the morning of my departure, to put away some letters, I found my drawing. Oh! that wicked little witch—her fingers had been at work—there were two figures now: a lady covered from head to foot with a veil, was going down the steps, supported by another figure in a cloak. I could not mistake for whom the latter was intended. How I was quizzed; how I was laughed at. The next time I dined there, there were some pomegranates in sugar, placed at dessert opposite to me, which Fanny "knew I was very fond of." Gradually, however, it was all forgotten; jokes are like favourites in that way, and have their day, and during succeeding visits to Kesteven Grange, not an allusion was made to the lady or the stone stairs.

About eight years after my dream I left England. My poor father had been dead three years, and I was my own master. I had never been further than Paris, and I panted to wander amidst the glories of nature and art in the sunny land of Italy. I spent two years there. I was of an age to enjoy all, and I did so most thoroughly. I dreamed again, with my senses awake and my eyes

open. Ah! Is not that fair land one prolonged dream from the moment one sets foot within it. Genoa, proud city, with her marble palaces, her villas, and orange-groves, sloping down from her lovely hills to that blue sea! Verona, with her mediæval tombs, and Venice, matchless, indescribable! I think I cared most for these three cities; and yet, Florence! Sienna! Rome! However, in the three first I lingered longest, if that be proof of preference, and Venice I visited a second time. It was there, and then, that I received a letter, which made me feel the more decidedly how long I had been away from home. My eldest sister was at Vienna with her husband and first child; when I had left her, she was unmarried. They wished me to join them, and travel England-wards together. I longed to see Mary, and my old college crony, Philip; so I wrote by return of post to say I would shortly be with them. I felt I must give one more week to Venice, and I did. How quickly it went by! It was with a somewhat melancholy feeling, then, that I fixed my day of departure. Reluctantly enough I bade the faithful Luigi have all ready for the next day at noon. I had settled to go by water to Trieste, and on to Vienna by that beautiful road through Styria. I went, of course, to my bankers in the morning; came home, and dined early, determined to devote the evening of a very sultry day to a last stroll among my favourite haunts, when, as I knew, a cloudless moon would shed her mellowing light over those unrivalled masses of architecture, and long shadows would be creeping round them on the ground. I knew my way about well enough. A dark street or alley fascinated rather than checked me. I could always get out again speedily—you do not go far in Venice without seeing a church, and there was scarcely one with which I was not, both inside and out, familiar. I had ordered Beppo to be at St. Mark's steps, as soon as the sun should sink, and I was soon in his gondola, floating about, and looking my last, as I thought, on Venice. She had never appeared to me more lovely. Beppo, too, hummed his *barcarolle* in a better key than usual, or his voice was clearer. At last I ordered him to land me. Night was come, the air was so cool, the moon so bright, St. Mark's-square so thronged, and so animated! I almost fancied, at every step, I should see an Armenian. I sat and eat my ice; in a fit of over-wrought generosity gave the "cantatrice" a coin that made her stare, and, at last, I jumped up from my seat, determined to linger no longer, but to return to my hotel. This was in rather a distant and out of the way quarter. It was kept by two brothers, who were Venetians to the back-bone, and it had been purposely chosen by me to avoid mere travelling acquaintances, whom I did not care to see, and whom I was sure to meet at the greater inns. I walked along, giving myself up to a delicious reverie. I soon discovered that my feet had wandered scarcely less than my thoughts, for, on suddenly stopping and looking before me, I found I was in a street as I fancied quite new to me; certainly a large building I did not at all remember was at my side. The appear-

ance of the street was rather suspicious, only one bad lamp threw a faint glimmer across it, and the houses were of a very common sort. One is obliged to be particular, sometimes, in Italian towns; but no adventure attended by danger had I ever yet had, during my two years residence, and I did not see why my last night in Venice should be an exception to this rule. So I determined not to retrace my steps, and I walked on. I had arrived at the further extremity, and was in the act of turning the corner, when I heard the most piercing shriek. That voice was a woman's,—I was sure of that. I did not quite make out from which side it had come. I listened for it to be repeated, but in vain. I experienced a sudden and indescribable sensation—a strong feeling of curiosity seized me. Here I thought is an adventure at last,—better late than never. I was debating with myself how I should act, what I should do; and had proceeded a yard or two to my left, when I fancied I heard footsteps. I knelt down, and held my ear to the ground; I could now clearly make out, that three or four persons were approaching me, and that one was violently forced onward, or dragged along, for there was an occasional halt, succeeded by the sounds of struggling and slipping. I was determined to know what this meant: but what was I to do? I generally carried at night a pistol in my pocket, and involuntarily my hand went in search of it under my coat, and then I remembered having locked it up in its travelling case that afternoon. There was no time for more thought or delay. The steps grew more and more distinct, though from the dark state of the street I as yet saw no one; the darkness however favoured my plan, and I crept as close as I could to the side wall. My heart beat quickly with expectation. In a minute or two this was so far satisfied that the figures of two men passed within a couple of yards of me, now pushing, now dragging a third person, wrapped up in a large cloak. They came so close to me that I could hear a kind of stifled groan, or noise rather, as it sounded, of choking. I guessed the unfortunate person was now gagged in some way, probably as a precaution after the scream which I had so lately heard. Had I given way to the impulse of the moment, I should have rushed upon the group, but, happily, I could check what would have been an act of madness, and an useless attempt at rescue, so I suffered them to pass on a few yards, and then got up quietly from the ground, determined at all hazards to follow. There was neither danger nor difficulty in this, so long as they kept in the same street, which was now only lighted up here and there by the reflection of the moonlight on a casement or a door. I crept on, halting if they did, and keeping an equal distance. Suddenly the noise of their feet, by which I had been chiefly guided, ceased, and the black mass of shadow, thrown on the broken pavement, was gone. I stepped along stealthily, but I came to no crossing street. I felt certain, therefore, they must have entered some house on my side, but I had heard no noise of an opening nor of a shutting door. I went cautiously on, and came to an old gateway—the gate was half decayed,

and partly off its hinges. Here it must be, I thought, that they have disappeared. I looked in; as far as I could make out there was a large court. A lantern, suspended by a rope from a post, allowed me to see so much. Everything bore the appearance of desolation and neglect. Still some one must be there, or coming, else why this lantern? But I had not much time for doubt. I heard footsteps at the further end of the court. There was a broken-down circular wall, which, from the iron hoop and pulley over it, I guessed had been the enclosure of a well. I darted inwards from the gate, and slipping behind this mass of rubbish, crouched down. Hardly had I done so, when the two men I had seen before emerged from the darkness at the other end of the court, and for a moment stood close to my place of concealment. They spoke low and hurriedly; but, as one turned his head, I was enabled to make out that the speaker was going in search of a third person, and that his companion, in the mean time, was to keep watch before the entrance to the court outside. I had done well, then, to be on the inside.

"If he should be here before I am back," I could now distinctly hear the tallest ruffian say, "you know where to take him. The key is in the outer door, and turned on this side."

"And the window?" said the other.

"Pshaw! if she should try that, she falls into the court, and breaks her stubborn neck. Diavolo! we shall have done our work though, and be paid for it. Yet if she kills herself, we pocket a zechino or two the less—twill save another bloody job, however. Look ye! the stains of yesterday are still on my fingers."

Here the companion of the last speaker muttered something that made the other laugh, and they both left the court. I breathed more freely. I got on my feet, still stooping down. I could hear the man pacing backwards and forwards in the street. I crept farther from my hiding place, and looked about me. I fancied I could distinguish the window the man had alluded to, as the moon cast a passing gleam of light in that direction. I turned again, and counted the steps outside. I found the man made about fifty, and then turned back, and as he passed the gate he thrust in his brutal-looking head. Every moment I felt was precious. I reckoned again, and as the man trod his fortieth step, I darted across the court, and came to a flight of stone stairs, down which I conjectured the assassins must have come. I sprang up them, then paused to listen—all was quiet as the grave. I passed through a wide door by which the building was entered at this end, and I found myself in one of those large vestibules so common in Italian houses of any size. A passage branched off to the right, so I guessed it to be my way, as I knew the window to be in that direction. I went down two steps—a door was on the landing-place, and a key in the lock. I moved it; it turned, according to the man's description. As far as I could see, a suite of large rooms was before me. To pass through them was the affair of an instant, so quickly did I hurry on. At

length a light faintly glimmered. I entered the last of the rooms, and there, before me, was the unhappy object of my search. A small, rusty lamp stood upon the ground, and lying, apparently in a swoon, by its side, was a woman. I went close up to her. My footsteps did not seem to attract her notice; she did not stir—fatigue and fright had, to all appearance, completely mastered her. She was staring at some object on the wall with fixed and widely opened eyes; her lips were colourless, and her hands hung down on each side, and touched the floor. I was moved almost to tears.

"Lady," I exclaimed, addressing her in Italian,—  
"Rise, I beseech you, without a moment's delay. You are betrayed."

She either did not hear me, or she heeded not my words. I had spoken purposely in a low tone; I repeated my exhortation in a louder. Not a sign; it was as if an inanimate statue lay before me. I stooped and took hold of her gently; at my touch, which seemed electric, she started up from the ground, and with a scream that chilled my blood, she sprang forward and pushed me violently from her. Despair alone could have put such concentrated power into a woman's arm. I staggered.

"Mercy! Giuliano," she cried, "mercy! mercy!"

As she spoke the last word, she raised her head, which hitherto she had bent downward. She stopped short in some further exclamation she was about to utter. Her eyes were bloodshot, and glaring, but as they fell on the strange face, instead of the one she had evidently believed would meet them, their fierce expression relaxed, and subsided into one of intense wonder.

"Holy Virgin! what is this, whom do I see?"

"Lady," I quickly interrupted her, "moments are too precious for explanation. I am here indeed by a strange chance; all that I can say is, that your danger is great—is imminent; from what I have heard, I fear the worst for you. I would save you. Tell me what can be done to assist you? No time must be lost." I shall never forget the half-confiding, half-mistrusting look she gave me as I pronounced the last words. She was very beautiful, although, at that moment, every feature of her face, which bespoke the greatest agitation and alarm, was swollen; her long black hair was falling down round her. The disturbed style of her dress, evidently torn in continued struggles, scarcely concealed the exquisite form and whiteness of her shoulders.

"Signora," she replied, dashing from her eyes the tears that now flowed freely, "forgive me, if you are honest in your intention, and I have appeared to hesitate. How can I believe that you are here without the knowledge of my cruel persecutor? How is it? How can it be? Tell me! For the love of heaven speak. You can not have been sent to execute the foul deed, for I read pity in your face. If from pure generosity you have rushed into danger, and would brave it on my account, save yourself—yes, while you have yet time. I know too well why I have been dragged here. Oh!" and she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, and convulsively clasped her hands in half devotion, half agony

"no one, no one but thou, Holy Mother of"—. The sound of a distant but shrill whistle came up distinctly from the street, and cut her short in her address to heaven. We both started; as if mechanically the shuddering woman ran towards me, for I had turned to the window, and cast herself on me, convulsively seizing hold of my arm and hand. What was I to do? I moved, with my almost insensible companion clinging to me, towards the other side of the room, where the lamp stood burning. At the moment the flame flickered, blazed up, and casting a broad, lurid glare on every object near, sputtered, and went out. Yes! it had gone out, but, strange! wondrous! that glare had revealed to my eyes a scene familiar to them. Yes! there they were; shut out from me now by the darkness. I had nevertheless seen them, although but for an instant, and I had recognised them, and they were near me, I knew, in positive reality:—the empty panels—the torn bit of silk, flapping on its nail—the tarnished cornice—the blackened chain, hanging from the gilded ceiling—and the pendant garlands of flowers and fruit!

Is it yet a dream, or was that now well-remembered one of years back, that has once more so suddenly been recalled, sent me for a merciful purpose?

I had half spoken out my thoughts in English, which my companion could not understand; but as I moved forward, for I had a certain inward conviction that, if I sought the pomegranate with my hand, I should find it, I could feel her clinging closer and closer to me. Supporting her on one arm, I ran my other hand along the wall to where it should be. I was not deceived; it was there,—I grasped it. No pen, no tongue could express that instant of uncertainty, or the momentary flash of hope and fear, as I pressed the pomegranate, and it moved under my fingers. Judge what was my sensation as I heard the low, whirling sound, and thrusting out my arm, felt there was space where, but a minute before, the flaring lamp had made only the panel visible to me. I groped forward with my foot,—I could feel there were steps. By the dead weight on my arm, I knew that my companion had fainted; I passed my arm round her waist, and lifted her through the opening,—her head fell on my shoulder, and, as it did so, her soft but icy cheek touched my own. I was on the point of laying her down, to ascertain if I could in any way shut the panel, which I felt should be instantly closed after us, when, treading on a lower step, there was a slight movement under foot, followed by a distinct click, but, otherwise, almost without sound, the panel came down again, and fitted into its place. The profoundest feeling of—what shall I call it?—awe, wonder, admiration, gratitude to Heaven, had seized me. For a minute I stood as if spell-bound to the stone stairs; but with an effort I shook off this almost stupefied sensation. I considered danger far from over; the way of escape might be discovered by, or was perhaps known to, our pursuers. I spoke to my companion in a low voice, close to her ear; I pressed her in my arms; by degrees the pulses quickened, and she drew her breath deeply, and sighed. I conjured her to

muster all her strength, and follow me as quickly as she could. I descended cautiously, holding her by the hand. The passage was low and vaulted; I could feel the top, if I stretched my neck and stood at my fullest height; the steps became damper, and more slippery, and soon I guessed we were much below the foundations of the house—there were no sounds of following footsteps. We had gone on for some time in utter darkness, and in utter silence. Once I felt her tremble. "Fear nothing, signorina." "Fear!" she whispered, gently, "I have left fear behind; am I not with you?" In a few minutes there was no longer any descent. She perceived this as quickly as I did, and a slight shudder passed over her, but she did not speak. "What," thought I, "if we are in some subterranean room, and the door for ever on this side closed upon us from behind," for the secret of the spring was unknown to me, undreamed by me, perhaps I should say. Heaven be praised, we were not long in doubt, for, on moving forward a few yards, my foot struck against an opposite step, and we began to ascend. Soon we could perceive that we were breathing a purer atmosphere. We had gone up some fifty stairs, when suddenly my eyes fell on a slightly visible white speck above me. Could it be?—it must be. My heart beat quickly;—that is light! I was not in error; as we went on it grew gradually bigger, till it hung above us as a bright star.

"Take courage, signorina. Look yonder!"

"I have seen it already," she answered; "the light of Heaven."

Oh! the effect, instantaneous, mighty, of one ray, be it ever so faint, from the star—of hope! We went up the remaining damp, slippery stairs at a comparatively quick pace, that star ever before us, and itself widening, as our distance from it narrowed. A few more minutes, and we had come to a door, with a small round hole above it, through which the moonlight fell upon us. Involuntarily I grasped a bit of rusty iron at my side, without for the instant knowing what it was I touched. The bolt, for such it proved, moved easily back, as the iron had shrunk and diminished from decay. I pushed the door, and we once more moved with the clear blue sky over our heads. We stood in silence, and gazed upward; then looking round me I perceived we were in a narrow alley, choked up with rubbish.

"We must not linger. Help me, if you can, to choose the right direction. I am an utter stranger to this part of Venice."

She bowed her head, and crossed herself, then stood up, and looked about her.

"I fancy," she said, "the street before us is the *Vico di Santa* —, and in that case we must get out of it as soon as we can. Let me now be your guide; follow me!"

We proceeded up the street in question, and, by the first turning, left it again, and found ourselves shortly on a small quay. As if by another special miracle, an empty gondola was at that moment gliding by. We hailed it. The gondolier stopped beside us, and we

stepped in; a stroke or two of the oar, and we were on the great canal, and the street leading to the quarter of the town in which was my hotel was in sight.

You may think it strange, but not a syllable had passed between us since we had entered the boat. We sat wordless, her hand clasping mine, her head gently leaning on my shoulder. At last I broke silence; she started at the sound of my voice, squeezed my hand, then casting up her eyes from under their long lashes, and looking into my face, she exclaimed—

“Signore, caro, caro signore, what does it mean? How have you saved me? Who are you?—not of my own land, I see. Are you residing in Venice? Where?”

I mentioned the name of my hotel.

“I dare not go near it,” she instantly answered, with a shudder, “and I must not tarry here—no, not in Venice. But how can I ever repay the debt I owe you? what can I give you in return for the life—aye, and more—that you have saved? You shall hear from me; we must meet again. Another dear to me, dearer than the life you have preserved, shall mingle his thanks with mine; our prayers for your happiness, your welfare, shall rise to Heaven together.”

She looked me full in the face; her eyes sparkled through her tears, and her tears fell on my hand.

“Do not wipe them away,” she added, “they are tears of the deepest, deepest gratitude.”

She bent forward, our faces were close, our lips were near each other, and they met.

“The Holy Mother ever guard you, as she has both of us this night!”

She kissed me once again, and in the softest, most musical voice, she whispered in my ear, “Rinaldo, even, could not forbid it.”

As she spoke, she held up her finger to the gondolier, and he stopped his boat. Before I could assist her, she had stepped before me out on the quay. She seized my hand, pressed it violently, turned her liquid eyes once more full on me, then darting into the gondola again, left me there standing alone. A word to the boatman, a wave of the hand to me, as she pulled the curtains close together, and a few strokes of the oar, bore all from my sight.

The incidents of the last two or three hours, momentous as they had proved, had passed so rapidly, so unexpectedly, that even as I now walked along to my hotel, alone and undisturbed, by contact, at least, with any other person, I did not yet grasp the truth, or compass the wonderful events of the night. My brain was in a whirl, every pulse in my body throbbed, every vein seemed swollen to bursting, and it was not till I found myself sitting in my room, by the open window, and looking fixedly out at the beautiful moon above, and the silvered water below, that I became gradually more composed, and able to wake up, as it were, from my stupor. At moments I was inclined to ask myself if I were asleep?—if the marvellous circumstances of that night were, even as the prelude to them of years back, a dream? I did once, I believe, raise my hands, and in-

voluntarily rub my eyes. But, no! I was awake, and in Venice. There was she before me (beautiful creation, who could ever mistake her?) calmly sleeping in the moonlight; there, too, were the preparations for my departure on the table, on the floor at my side. As you may suppose, I instantly summoned Luigi, and informed him it was not my intention to leave Venice the next day. He looked a little astonished, but discreetly said nothing more than the accustomed, “Come vuole vostra signoria.” What a night I passed! Towards morning I threw myself, only half undressed, on my bed, and I tried to sleep. But it was only for a moment that my eyelids closed; I was every instant starting up—now at the sound of the shrill whistle, now at that indescribable whirring of the spring of the sliding panel. At another moment I was creeping down by the old well; at another, watching the bit of flapping arras, or feeling for the pomegranate; but oftener still, if I am to speak truth, looking into those soft, dark eyes, or putting out my own to meet the taper fingers of that soft white hand. At last I fell into a sounder and quieter slumber, and was unconscious of everything, till the “Padrone mio” of Luigi’s somewhat gruff voice awoke me, asking me if I chose to breakfast as early as I did usually, and, at the same time, laying a letter on the counterpane, while his face put on a somewhat sly and significant expression, as if the secret of my delay in Venice was now satisfactorily solved.

“What is that?” I asked, in an unwonted hasty tone.

“Only a small packet,” was the reply, in what I fancied a provokingly quiet tone, “left by a boy very early, who as instantly jumped into his gondola, and was off again.”

I seized the letter; it contained something hard. I tore it open, and out dropped a ring. The letter ran thus:—

“Most dear, most noble, most generous stranger,—Before you read these words, which can but faintly express a woman’s deep, deep gratitude to the man who has saved her from misery and death, I shall be far down the Adriatic, out of the range of jealousy and revenge—saved from both by you. I must not, dare not, enter into my history now. Be satisfied, till I can do so, that I owe you my life, and that you have the eternal gratitude and love of two faithful hearts. The intention you baffled was certain death; for if they would have spared my life, I would not have survived dishonour. Of the debt I have contracted I am proud; I can never, never repay it. Heavy as it is, I carry it with me while I live—to my grave—but not as a burden. But tarry not in Venice, dear stranger. Brave not Italian hatred and baffled jealousy,—remember a daughter of Italy gives you this advice. There must, there must be one in your own distant country, who would bless me for urging you to fly without delay. That brave heart on which I rested, must, my own tells me, beat for another. Yes! yes! as that other beats for it. May your love be blessed, as mine, as Rinaldo’s

is, through you. The Holy Mother and the Saints have you both in their keeping,

"SIDONIA."

Not a word of the ring, but round it was twisted a tress of that long silken hair.

And now, my reader, you ask: "Did you never see Sidonia again? Do you know no more about her?"

Alas! cruel answer; but truth compels me to say—"Never. Nothing."

The fact is, I considered it wise, especially after such warning, both for my sake and Sidonia's, to leave Venice at once. The ways of Italian anger are intricate; the results often summary. I departed for Vienna the next day. I fully intended, then, to see my sister, and to return and trace, if possible, this history further. But at Vienna I found compulsory letters for my speedy presence in London, and I was detained unavoidably in England for some time. In two years I was free again; need I say Venice was instantly my destination. Alas! the day was settled, and I started, taking Paris in my way. There, on the evening of my arrival, I heard of the disturbances of 1849 having broken out, and I was advised to put off my journey, and I did so, however reluctantly. As soon as I could go there safely, I set off. I did all for some weeks that I could do, to solve my mystery. In vain: I never gained the slightest clue. I found out the street, and the house; but it was no longer the same scene of ruin and desolation. One day, as I stood near the well, which had been restored, and now displayed a rope and bucket, I was greatly tempted to cross over, and to go up the steps at the other end of the court. There were flower-pots in the window—no longer a broken one—but as I walked underneath it, a not very pleasant face stared down upon me from within, and a man, with a somewhat strangely inquiring look, asked me if I wanted anything? I thought his eyes assumed a very searching expression—perhaps this was fancy, perhaps not. I asked who lived there? The same gruff voice, with the same disagreeable expression accompanying it, answered, shortly and abruptly enough—

"Il Signore Negoziante, fabbricante di Seta; Cosa comanda?" The man, having spoken thus, shut the casement with a slam, and nearly knocked down a mass of scarlet carnations on my head. I thought this a hint to leave the court, and I have never known more of that mysterious building.

My ring, I need not say, I treasure as the apple of my eye; but I do not wear it—I cannot;—it is a diamond, and a valuable one. This much have I done for it: I have attached to it an enamelled heart, on which is a pomegranate, forming, with a twisted twig, the word "Sidonia;" and nestled up in this heart lies the dark tress of hair. I have no heir-apparent, and I do not think I ever mean to have one, and so (a secret, if you please), I have left the ring and locket, by will, to "Fauny."

## THE O'REILLYS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

EDMOND O'REILLY, of Kilnacrott, was the second son of Maelmora O'Reilly, and the uncle of Sir John O'Reilly, mentioned in a preceding paper. Had not the law of Tanistic succession been abolished, or rather for some time suspended by the English at that period, this Edmond would have succeeded as chief of East Brefney in 1583, on the death of his elder brother, Hugh Conallagh. But, as we have already seen, he was set aside by the English government, and his nephew, Sir John O'Reilly, set up in his place, as the true heir of Brefney, according to the English law of succession. Sir John, however, having joined the Earl of Tyrone in his rebellion, the authority of English law became weak in Brefney, and Edmond the Tanist was finally elected chief, to wit, in the year 1598, when he was a very old man. So early as the 25th of May, in the year 1558, this Edmond and his brother Hugh Conallagh, who was then the O'Reilly, made a covenant with the Lord Lieutenant, Thomas, Earl of Sussex, of which the following were the chief conditions:

That he deliver hostages for making satisfaction to the Baron of Slane and others for the injuries done them by O'Reilly. That he will not harbour or allow any of the septs of the O'Mores or O'Conors, or any of their followers, or any other septs who shall be rebels to her Majesty, to remain in his territory; but that he will endeavour, to the best of his power and ability, to apprehend the same, and deliver them into the hands of the Lord Lieutenant; and if any malefactors or rebels should lurk in O'Reilly's country without his knowledge, when the Lord Lieutenant shall write to him for the apprehending of such malefactors, that then the said O'Reilly shall use his utmost diligence, and afford his utmost aid to apprehend and deliver them up to the said Lord Lieutenant. Item, throughout his jurisdiction he shall procure the money of the realm to be received in its due value, as it is current throughout the English Pale.\*

And for the perfect observance of the premises, that he take a corporal oath; and should he fail in any one of the premises, he shall pay to our Lady the Queen a fine of one thousand bevers. Also, that he cause this covenant to be proclaimed in his territory, and his own seal and the seals of his sons, and of all the free tenants of his territory, to be appended to these deeds, and that he send it to us to be registered, as a perpetual memorial of this covenant.

On the 25th of July 1567, this Edmond O'Reilly the Tanist, and his brother Hugh, the O'Reilly, signed an indenture at Lough Sheelin, in the camp of Sir Henry Sidney, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, in which the said Hugh and Edmond bound themselves to observe

\* The money of the realm, literally the royal money. O'Reilly coined money at Crossakeel, but no specimen of this coin has been as yet identified by any of our numismatists.

in future all the decrees and judgments of the government commissioners, and, if possible, to prosecute certain members of their family, then in rebellion with Shane O'Neill against the English government; to restore property taken by Edmond's son from the English, and to act in other respects as loyal subjects of her majesty Queen Elizabeth.

This Edmond O'Reilly, who was Tanist of Brefney so early as 1558, was married twice, first to the Lady Mary Plunket, daughter of Robert the fifth Baron Dunsany, and secondly to Elizabeth Nugent. He had several sons, but only two of them left issue, namely, John, the ancestor of the O'Reillys of the Heath House, in the Queen's County, and various other respectable families still extant, and Terence Aniarainn, ancestor of the Rillys of Scarva, in the county of Down. John, son of Edmond of Kilnacrott, married Catherine, daughter of Sir James Butler, and had by her Brian O'Reilly, who married Mary, daughter of the Baron of Dunsany, and had by her four sons, of whom the eldest was Maelmora, commonly called "Myles the Slasher." He was a very able military leader during the Civil wars of 1641, and is still remembered in the traditions of the country. He lived some time on the island of Clough-inis-tork, in Lough Finvoy, co. Leitrim, where the people retained vivid recollections of him and his daring deeds some twenty years since. He exhibited prodigies of valour during the years 1641, 1642, and 1643; but in 1644, being encamped at Granard, in the county of Longford, with Lord Castlehaven, commander of the army of the Confederate Catholics, he was ordered to proceed with a chosen detachment of horse to defend the bridge of Finea against the Scots, then bearing down on the main army with a superior force. Myles was slain at the head of his troops, fighting bravely in the middle of the bridge. Tradition adds that shortly before his fall he had encountered a Scotch officer of gigantic strength, who had laid open the Slasher's cheek with a stroke of his sword, but that the Slasher held the sword blade between his teeth, as firmly as if held in a smith's vice, until he cut down the Scotchman with his own sword. His body was discovered on the following day, and conveyed to the monastery of Cavan, where it was interred in the tomb of his ancestors.

He married Catherine, daughter of Charles O'Reilly of Leitrim, colonel of infantry during the Civil wars, and he had by her three sons, of whom the eldest was Colonel John Reilly, the first of this family who dropped the prefix O'. Colonel John was formerly of Clonlyn and Garryrocock, or Garryrocock, in the county of Cavan, but is mentioned in 1713 as of Ballymacadd, in the county of Meath. He was elected knight of the shire for the county of Cavan, in the parliament held in Dublin on the 7th of May, 1689. He raised a regiment of dragoons at his own expense for the service of James II., and assisted at the siege of Londonderry in 1689. He had two engagements with Colonel Wolsley, the commander of the garrison of Belturbet, in both of which he was the victor. He subsequently fought at the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim, and was included in

the articles of capitulation of Limerick, whereby he preserved his property, and was allowed to carry arms. According to "An Alphabetical List of the names of such persons of the Popish Religion, within the kingdom of Ireland, who have licenses to carry arms," printed by Andrew Croke, printer to the Queen's most excellent Majesty, in Copper Alley, Dublin 1713, it appears that Lieutenant-Colonel John Ryley, late of Clonlyn, in the county of Cavan, now of Ballymacadd, in the county of Meath, and Garryrocock, in the county of Cavan, had licenses to carry one sword, one case of pistols, "and one gunn."

This Colonel John Ryley married Margaret daughter of Owen O'Reilly Esq., by whom he had five sons and two daughters, all of whom died without issue except Myles, Brian, and Thomas, of whom we shall treat presently.

On the 17th of September, 1716, he made his last will, which is a very curious document, as showing the wretched state of poverty to which the Catholic chieftain families were reduced after the Revolution. He leaves his wife one hundred pounds sterling out of his personal estate, together with a silver cup and six silver spoons. He leaves his sisters Honora and Rose Reilly, sixteen pounds sterling, to be equally divided between them, and to his two daughters the sum of eight pounds sterling, to be divided equally between them. He leaves to his son Conor Reilly his watch and one pistol to buy a ring, &c.

This Colonel John Ryley died on the 17th of February, 1717, aged seventy years, and was buried in the old church of Kill, in the parish of Crossarlogh, barony of Castlerahin, county Cavan, where his tomb exhibits the family arms: two lions supporting a dexter hand proper; the crest an oak tree on a mount, with a snake descending, its trunk proper; motto, *Fortitudine et prudentia*, and a curious epitaph, which was in good preservation in 1836.

Myles Reilly, of the city of Dublin, was the eldest son of this John, who left issue. He was a linen draper in Bridge Street. Upon the decease of his eldest brother, Captain Conor Reilly, without issue, in the year 1723, this Myles succeeded to the estates of Colonel John Ryley; and being a successful man in his business, he added to them considerably by purchases of his own, made in the names of his Protestant friends. He died in Dublin in June 1731. He married, in August 1698, Mary Barnewall, by whom he had three sons, who all died without issue. The eldest of these was John Reilly, of the Middle Temple, Esq. barrister-at-law. On the death of his father, Myles Reilly of Dublin, he succeeded as tenant for life to the entailed estate of his grandfather, Colonel John Ryley, and to his own paternal inheritance. He studied the English laws, and became a pleader of some eminence. He was deputed, in the year 1731, by the Catholics of Ireland to solicit the English ministry for some alleviation of the penal laws, under which their industry was paralysed; and he repaired to London, where, it is said, he ruined his fortune to support the dignity of

his embassy. He levied a fine and suffered a recovery, to bar the remainder men, and in 1765, sold his estate to his cousin James, son of Thomas Reilly, the descendant of the last in remainder in the settlement of his grandfather. After this sale he returned to London, where he died without issue in the year 1767. This John was considered chief of his name in Ireland, and still he never used the prefix O' even under his armorial bearings, which he got elaborately engraved for his book plates.

Let us now return to Brian Reilly of Ballinrink, the third son of Colonel John Ryley. He served as a captain in his father's regiment of dragoons in the years 1689, 1690, 1691, and was included in the articles of the capitulation of Limerick. He married Margaret, daughter of Luke MacDowell of Mantua, in the county of Roscommon, and had by her six sons, 1, Myles Reilly of Tullistown, 2, Alexander, 3, Matthew, 4, Luke, 5, Conor, 6, Edmond, but all these sons died without issue except the eldest, Myles Reilly, Esq. of Tullistown, in the county of Cavan, who married Sarah, daughter of William Fitzsimons, Esq. of Garadice, in the county of Meath, and had by her three sons, namely, 1, John Alexander O'Reilly, colonel of infantry in the regiment of Hibernia in Spain, and who lived some years in England, where he died without issue in the year 1800, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. Of this John Alexander O'Reilly, his relative Lieutenant-Colonel Don Antonio O'Reilly of Cadiz, speaks as follows in a letter to Myles John O'Reilly, Esq., dated June 12th, 1812: "By the small pedigree that you enclosed, I see you are nephew to John Alexander O'Reilly, cousin-german to my father, who in the year 1767, entered the Spanish service, a cadet in Hibernia's Regiment, and in the year 1772 bought a company in Ireland's regiment, retiring from service in 1787, being then captain of grenadiers, with the degree of lieutenant-colonel, and married Miss Lalor. He was very much esteemed both by my father and by my uncles, and by us all. His nice education and good breeding indicated his origin; and his capacity, bravery, and learning, were worthy of higher employments and better protection than he met with here. I was entirely ignorant of his death until I was noticed of it by your brother." His second son was Dowell O'Reilly, the father of the late Myles John O'Reilly, Esq. of the Heath House, in the Queen's county, and his third son was Matthew O'Reilly, father of the late Matthew O'Reilly, Esq., who died without issue, and of William O'Reilly, Esq. of Thomastown Castle, and father also of the late Dowell O'Reilly, Esq., Attorney-General of Jamaica, and grandfather of Major O'Reilly of the Irish Brigade in the Pope's service, who is the head of the second branch \* of the O'Reillys in Ireland.

\* His uncle, the late Dowell O'Reilly, Attorney-General of Jamaica, once observed to the writer of this paper, that Myles John O'Reilly, of the Heath House, who was the chief and senior of the O'Reillys in Ireland, was the only person in Ireland entitled to have the O' prefixed to the name;

This Myles Reilly of Tallistown, died in Dublin on the 4th of February, 1776, aged sixty-seven years, and was buried in the family vault at Kill, in the county of Cavan. His eldest son, Dowell O'Reilly, Esq., of the Heath House, in the Queen's county, married Elizabeth, daughter of James Knox, Esq., of Moyne, in the county of Mayo, and he had by her four sons, 1, Myles John O'Reilly, Esq., of the Heath House, 2, James Fitzsimon O'Reilly, a captain in the British army, and who had been first a lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish service; 3, Alexander, who died young, and 4, Dowell O'Reilly, a captain in the British navy, and first lieutenant of *La Surveillante*, of thirty-eight guns. This Captain Dowell O'Reilly commanded the seamen's advanced battery at the siege of St. Sebastian, and assaulted the breach. He commanded the flotilla to cross the bar of the Adour, of which feat the Duke of Wellington speaks, in his despatches, as conducted with a degree of skill and bravery seldom equalled. He left one legitimate son, Lieutenant Dowell O'Reilly, a youth of remarkable symmetry and comeliness, who died some years since without issue.

Myles John O'Reilly, Esq., the eldest son of Dowell, married Elizabeth Anne Beresford, by whom he had three sons, still living, the eldest of whom, Myles George O'Reilly, is the present chief of his name in Ireland, and inherits a considerable tract of property in the counties of Leitrim and Roscommon. His father died at Naples, on the 24th of October, 1857, in the 77th year of his age. He was a gentleman of great taste and considerable learning, and was, while in Ireland, very fond of Irish antiquarian research, and had made a considerable collection of Irish books and MSS. He had been called to the Irish bar in his youth, but never practised as a barrister; but being, on one occasion, permitted to argue his own cause before the House of Lords, he pleaded with consummate skill and ability, and caused the decision of a very eminent judge to be set aside.

The writer knew him intimately for many years, and corresponded with him on the subject of Irish genealogy, topography, and history, for about twenty years. He never believed that there was any branch of the O'Reilly family extant senior to his own, (in which he appears to have been right, as far as we know at present); and during the last years of his life, he wrote frequently to the writer of this paper, requesting of him to impress this fact on the mind of his eldest son, Myles G. O'Reilly Esq., and to

that he (Dowell) himself and his brother William were plain Reillys, and had no right to the O', to which the writer expressed his dissent, and attempted to point out to him from the Irish annals, as well as from the inquisitions and other law documents relating to Irish families, that the junior members and every individual of the family had the O' prefixed in ancient times as well as the Chief himself. But he would not be convinced, and still he used the O' himself, although he would not allow that the late Daniel O'Connell, M.P., was entitled to have the O' prefixed, because the O'Connells were only serfs to the MacCarthys, and the MacCarthys were but slaves under the Fitzgeralds. To this the writer replied, that the O' was a mark of no respectability whatever; that it was only evidence of Milesian Irish descent.

make it known to the Irish people. His father, Dowell O'Reilly of the Heath House, in the Queen's County, was the first of his branch of the family that embraced the religion of the State, and Myles himself frequently told the writer that he himself was a violent Protestant in his youth, particularly in 1798, and during Emmett's rebellion, but that he was cured of all his Protestant rancour, or sectarian disease, by a few years' residence in France. He was a man of fervid and combative temper, which is a general characteristic of the whole sept, great sharpness and astuteness, great love of justice and fair play; and it may be safely asserted that he possessed, under aristocratic bearing and haughtiness of manner, as much of the milk of human kindness as any man of his time. The writer has carefully preserved all his letters (some of which are elaborately and elegantly written), with a view of having such of them as relate to antiquities and pedigrees bound, and deposited in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy.

Let us now return to Thomas Reilly, the youngest son of Colonel John Ryley. He lived at Baltrasny, and as lieutenant in his father's regiment, served in all the campaigns of 1689, 1690 and 1691; he was at the siege of Limerick, and had the benefit of the articles of the capitulation of that city, A.D. 1691. He married Rose MacDowell, daughter of Colonel Luke MacDowell, of Mantua, in the county of Roscommon, and had by her several children, of whom James O'Reilly, of Baltrasny, Esq., who was born in 1718, ancestor of the O'Reillys, of Baltrasna, was the eldest, and Alexander Count O'Reilly, of Spain, the youngest. This Alexander was born at Baltrasna, in the year 1722, and when very young, joined the regiment of Hibernia, established by Philip V. in 1703. He served in the wars of Italy, Germany, and Portugal, and saved the life of King Charles III. in a sedition at Madrid, for which latter service, and of his great experience and ability, he was made, Count, and second in command at the Havanna, in the island of Cuba, Governor of New Orleans in Louisiana, Grand Commander of the Order of Calatrava, Governor of Madrid, Captain General of Andalusia, Civil and Military Governor of Cadiz, Inspector-General of the Spanish Infantry, Generalissimo of the Spanish forces, and president of the Military School at Port St. Mary. Lord Byron, in his *Don Juan*, canto I., makes Donna Julia say that General Count O'Reilly took Algiers, but the noble poet himself adds in a note: "Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers—but Algiers very nearly took him: he and his army and fleet retreated with great loss, and not much credit, from before that city, in the year 1775." The failure of this expedition, however, arose from other causes than the fault of Count O'Reilly as its commander, (as the Spanish historians now confess); his professional character did not permanently suffer by that reverse. After the Revolution in France, he was selected, as the best officer in Spain, to repair the defeats suffered by other generals from the French Republicans, and

was proceeding to head the army of the eastern Pyrenees, when he died in 1794, aged 72.

In the year 1786, this Count Alexander O'Reilly employed the Chevalier Thomas O'Gorman, to compile for him a genealogical history of the House of O'Reilly, a work undertaken for the purpose of proving the nobility of blood of his family, preparatory to the marriage of his eldest son with the Countess Buenavista. This genealogy, duly authenticated by the Ulster King at Arms, splendidly emblazoned, and engrossed on full-sized vellum, in the Latin language, and richly bound in red morocco, together with a translation in English, on smaller folio vellum, and similarly bound, were transmitted to Count O'Reilly by the late Dowell O'Reilly, Esq. of the Heath House, in the Queen's county. The larger copy was deposited in the archives of Spain, and the translation in the Count's private library. The sum of one thousand guineas, or £1137 10s., was paid to the Chevalier Thomas O'Gorman as the expense of this work, and of the various books, documents, and attestations therewith transmitted, the original receipt for which, with several originals of the correspondence connected therewith, are in the possession of Myles George O'Reilly Esq., now chief of his name in Ireland. A copy of the English translation, duly attested by the Ulster King at Arms, is deposited in the Ulster Office of Arms, in the Birmingham tower, Dublin Castle, from which a copy in quarto, made by the late Edward O'Reilly, Esq., author of the Irish dictionary, with some curious addenda by that industrious compiler, is also in the possession of the said Myles G. O'Reilly.

This General Count Alexander O'Reilly, married Donna Rosa Las Casas, by whom he had four sons, viz., Don Conor O'Reilly, a lieutenant in the regiment of Hibernia, who died in 1751; 2, Don Dominic O'Reilly, lieutenant-general, who died in 1796; 3, Peter Paul, who succeeded as Count O'Reilly; 4, Don Nicholas O'Reilly, a brigadier-general, and governor of Mon Juich, who died in Barcelona in 1797, leaving by his wife, Anne Mary Tichbourn, Don Antonio O'Reilly, lieutenant-colonel, living at La Plaza de Cadiz on the 30th of June, 1812, when he wrote a long and interesting letter (already quoted,) to Myles John O'Reilly, Esq., of the Heath House, near Maryborough, giving a full account of the members of the O'Reilly family then living in Spain.

Peter Paul, Count O'Reilly, was living at Havanna, the capital of Cuba, in 1812. He married the Countess Buenavista, by whom he had several children, still, or lately living in the island of Cuba, in which their property principally lies.

Of the descendants of Turlough an-ierin, or Terence of the iron, O'Gorman gives no account in the pedigree of Count O'Reilly of Spain, but that there was such a person, and that he left issue, is clear, from a curious pedigree of the O'Reilly's, a MS. in the library of T. C. D., H. 1, 15. His descendants would appear to have settled in Belfast, where they accumulated con-

siderable property. The following account of their descent was copied by the writer from a MS. at Scarva House, in the year 1834:—

Turlough of the iron had a son, Brian, who had a son, John O'Reilly, called "of Belfast," who had a son, John O'Reilly Esq., who married Lucy Savadge, by whom he had a son, James Reilly, who died without issue, and John Reilly, Esq. of Scarva, in the county of Down, M.P. for Blessington, and who was high sheriff of the county of Down, 1776, and of the county of Armagh in 1783. He married Jane Lushington, by whom he had, 1, John Lushington Reilly; 2, William Edmond Reilly, who was High Sheriff of the county of Down in 1815, and M.P. for Hillsborough; 3, James Myles Reilly Esq., barrister-at-law, who made large collections for a history of the county of Down, and who lived at Scarva in 1834, and left several sons still living.

John Lushington Reilly was high sheriff of the county of Down, and collector of the port of Galway. He married in 1807, Louisa Temple, by whom he had five sons, the eldest of whom is John Temple Reilly, Esq., the present head of the Scarva family, a gentleman of polished manners and refined tastes, who exhibits the hereditary talents and best characteristics of this family in a remarkable degree.

Another distinguished branch of this family resided at Ballinlough, in the county of Westmeath, the head of whom took the name of Nugent. The most distinguished man of this family that figured in history, was Andrew O'Reilly, second son of James O'Reilly, of Ballinlough, and younger brother of Sir Hugh O'Reilly, baronet. This Andrew was born on the 3rd of August, 1742, and when very young, went into the Austrian service. He was first noticed for his intrepidity, as a volunteer, at the battle of Torgau, against the Prussians, November the 3rd, 1760. We have already remarked that the O'Reillys had been of old remarkable for their cavalry and their skill in horsemanship. In the Austrian war against the Turks, this Andrew O'Reilly had the reputation of being the best horseman in the Austrian army. This reputation and his valour and general abilities as a soldier, attracted the attention of the Emperor, Joseph II., who made him colonel in command of his own regiment of carabineers, his private aide-de-camp and chamberlain, and a count of the empire, in 1787. This rapid promotion of O'Reilly excited the envy of a Bohemian officer of the same regiment, Major Count Klebersberg, a man of colossal proportions and great valour, who believed that O'Reilly was unjustly placed over him, and whose envy and jealousy were raised to the highest degree by the fact, that O'Reilly was the object of a rich and noble Bohemian heiress' preference. A quarrel was the result, which was to be settled by the sword, and on the terms that one must fall. These rivals met twice in deadly combat, and fought to exhaustion, O'Reilly being stunned by a blow on the head, and his opponent lying in a swoon on the ground! After the strength of both had been recruited, they

renewed the deadly combat for the third time, and after an unparalleled fight, which lasted two hours and fifty minutes, O'Reilly, after receiving and inflicting many wounds, left his gigantic antagonist dead at his feet. He was immediately after tried by court-martial, but honourably acquitted. The Emperor, Joseph II., on his death-bed, in 1788, presented him with a splendid snuff-box, containing the Emperor's own portrait, encased in brilliants, and advanced himself to a full colonelcy over the heads of forty senior officers. Succeeding events proved how worthy the "respectable O'Reilly" (as Napoleon styled him,) was of this promotion. In the war against the French Revolutionists, his brave and judicious conduct, at the affair of Marchiennes, October 31st, 1793, raised him to the rank of a general officer. He continued to distinguish himself, particularly in 1796, at the combats of Amberg, August 23rd, and of Ulm, September 24th, in Germany; and still more so, November the 11th, at the battle of Caldiero, in Italy, where after having three horses shot under him, and being severely wounded, he saved himself on a fourth horse, which had belonged to a soldier just slain, and by his intrepidity preserved the cannon, by means of which the day was gained against Napoleon. After this action, the Emperor, Francis II., gave him the third regiment of light dragoons, composed of Poles, and subsequently, for thirty years, known as O'Reilly's regiment. On the hostile passage of the Rhine, at Kehl, in April 1797, O'Reilly's skilful manoeuvres in defence of the Austrian re-re-guard against the attacks of the French, though unable to prevent its defeat, won the enemy's praise. Subsequently surrounded at an engagement in the duchy of Baden, he killed, in a hand-to-hand sword combat, two French mounted chasseurs; but while struggling with a third, being pierced from behind by a fourth, he was disabled, taken prisoner, and conveyed to Strasburg. After receiving the best treatment from the French, he was exchanged for the gallant Ney, (afterwards marshal,) who had been captured on the same day by the Austrians. In June, 1800, previous to the battle of Montebello, Count O'Reilly, on the advance of the French generals, Murat and Lannes, interposed so well with his cavalry, as to effect the preservation and removal of the Austrian artillery to Tortosa. At the battle of Montebello, on the 9th, the post of Casteggio, where he commanded, was defended longest against the French, and only taken when impossible to be held, in consequence of the enemy's general success elsewhere. At the battle of Marengo, on the 14th, O'Reilly is mentioned as one of the most successful officers, and most forward in pursuit of the French, until the fortune of the day declared against the Austrians. At the defeat of Austerlitz, December 2nd, 1805, it was by O'Reilly's brilliant charges of cavalry, in which the conduct of his own regiment was most glorious, that the Austrian army was saved from a total routing. In 1809, serving under the Archduke Maximilian, he, on the retreat of that prince, was left as governor of Vienna, which he maintained against a

bombardment of the superior forces of the Emperor Napoleon, till obliged by orders to surrender it, which he did with reluctance, alleging that he would prefer burying himself beneath the ruins.

After this, being too far advanced in years for active duty, he served no more. Count Andrew O'Reilly was a knight-commander of the military order of Maria Theresa, a field-marshal and full general of cavalry, in which arm of the service he was considered one of the best officers that Austria ever possessed. He died at Vienna, on the 3rd of July, 1832, in the ninetyeth year of his age. Several memoirs of him appeared in the newspapers and magazines of that day, many of which were collected by the late Myles John O'Reilly, Esq., of the Heath House, who lent them to the writer. A very good outline of his history has been given by John Cornelius O'Callaghan, Esq., in his history of the Irish Brigades, vol. i. p. 276-278.

He married the rich Bohemian heiress, about whom he had such deadly struggles with Count Klebergberg, but left no issue. He was succeeded by his nephew

and aide-de-camp, Count John O'Reilly, who was major of the ninth regiment of Hungarian bussars, and chamberlain to the Emperor, Francis II. This Count John O'Reilly was the son of James O'Reilly, Count Andrew's youngest brother, major of infantry, who was slain leading a storming party against the Turks in 1778.

The O'Reillys are at the present day as numerous as any other family of the ancient Irish race, not only in their original territory, but also throughout Ireland. Many of them have acquired considerable wealth and respectability by professional, agricultural, and mercantile industry, but none of them appear to have preserved their pedigrees, with the exception of the branches above mentioned. Mons. O'Reilly, of the Antilles, in the Gulf of Mexico, is supposed to be a descendant of Sir John O'Reilly, who died in 1596, but the writer is not acquainted with the history of his family, and does not believe that his pedigree is preserved on the rolls of time.

## THE MOURNFUL SQUIRE.\*

BY ROBERT D. JOYCE.

### I.

I PLEDGE ye, comrades, in this cup  
Of usquebaugh, bright brimming up ;  
And now, while howls the tempest rude  
Around our camp-fire in the wood,  
I'll tell my tale, yet sooth to say,  
It will be but a mournful lay.

### II.

Glenanner is a lovely sight,  
Oun-Tarra's dells are fair and bright,  
Sweet are the flowers of Lisnemar,  
And gay the glynns 'neath huge Ben Gar ;  
But still where'er our banner leads,  
Mid tall green hills or lowland meads,  
By storied dale, or mossy down,  
My heart goes back to Carrick town !

### III.

By Carrick town a castle brave  
Towers high above its river wave,  
Well belted round by wall and fosse,  
That foot of foe ne'er strode across.  
Look on me now—a man am I  
Of mournful thoughts and bearing sad,  
Yet once my hopes flowed fain and high,  
And once a merry heart I had.

For I was squire to Ormond then,  
First in his train each jovial morn  
He flew his hawks by moor and fen,  
Or chased the stag by rock and glen  
With bay of hound and mort of horn.

### IV.

Within that castle's mighty hall  
I saw full many a festival,  
When wild harps rang and glittering played,  
And belted knight and noble maid  
Danced many measures on its floor,  
In those lost, pleasant days of yore.  
Within its tilt-yard day by day  
I learnt war's gallant game to play ;  
And there, though young in years, was I,  
Soon grew I well my trade to ply ;  
With the steel sparth to hew and hack,  
Through buffcoat strong and iron jack ;  
To spring on steed in full career,  
And wield the sword or couch the spear.  
And when our tilt-yard games were done,  
Or chace was o'er each set of sun,  
Gaily we ruffled through the town,  
And spent full many a jovial crown.

### V.

Young Ormond was a goodly lord  
As ever sat at head of board ;—  
If Europe's kings some festal day  
Sat round the board in revel gay,  
And he were there, and I in hall,  
The seneschal to place them all,

† A battle-axe.

\* "They shot her," said the Gillie Grumach, i.e., the *Mournful Page or Squire*, "and I bore her to the peaked mountain in the east, and made her a grave!"—*Story of the Gillie Grumach*.

I'd place him, without pause or fault,  
Among their best above the salt.—  
You need not sneer, Sir Hugh le Poer,  
Nor you, young Donat of Killare!  
I'd prove my words, ay o'er and o'er,  
With skian in hand and bosom bare,  
Or sword to sword, and jack to jack,  
For sake of Thomas Oge the Black!\*  
But he is dead, mo brón for him,  
His heart is cold, his eyes are dim.—  
The heart that all dishonour spurned,  
Those eyes that oft in battle burned,  
Like the twin beacon fires that shed  
Their lurid glare from Cummeragh's head,  
Through the black midnight seen afar,  
The harbingers of border war!

## VI.

And border wars and hostings free  
Full often then, God wot, had we;  
For 'twas the time when mortal strife,  
Steel axe to axe and knife to knife,  
Was waged between the Butler line  
And the strong race of Geraldine.  
And Desmond was a foeman stout  
In battle, siege, or foray rout:  
With spur on heel and sword in hand,  
Upon the borders of our land,  
With his fierce hobbeler he kept  
And often on our hamlets swept,  
As swoops the eagle from the mountain  
On the grey wolf-cubs by the fountain,  
And in his talons bears away  
Before the howling she-wolf's eyes,  
To crags remote his bleeding prey  
To feast his fledglings day by day  
Where Crotta Clea's† wild summits rise.

And many a goodly tower and town  
Before his hot assaults went down;  
For blood and flame and woeful sack  
For ever marked his vengeful track.  
Yet oft we met him sword to sword,  
By mountain pass and lowland ford,  
And turned the tide of war again  
Far through each Desmond vale and glen,  
And venged our wrongs as best we could  
In torrents of the foeman's blood.

## VII.

The March winds sang through bower and tree,  
And shook the young reeds by the ferry,  
And light cloud shades, o'er mount and lea,  
Ran like the billows of the sea,  
One day that in the tiltyard we  
Were making merry,  
When swift as those light clouds that fled  
Over each vale and moorland brown,  
A courier from the mountain head,  
With loosened rein his charger led,  
Wild spurring down!  
The rushy bog and treacherous moss,  
Like the light plover did he cross,  
And headlong downward to the shore  
As the strong mountain stag he bore,  
And swam the Suir, where, deep and wide,  
It tumbled in an angry tide;  
Then rode unto the castle straight,  
And blew his bugle at the gate.

\* Thomas the Black, Earl of Ormond.

† The ancient name of the Gaulty mountains.

The Desie's badge full well we knew,  
On the light cap and folluin blue,  
The hasty clansman bore;  
And faith but small delay had he,  
So eager for his news were we,  
For back the ponderous bolts we drew,  
And led him straight our chief before.  
He told how Desmond and his men  
Had crossed Sliav Gua's mountain glen,  
A small but hardy band,  
And burned his chieftain's hamlets free,  
And levied coign and livery  
Within the Desie's land.  
Then begged the doughty Butler's aid  
To stem the Desmond's bloody raid!

## VIII.

In sooth his prayer was not in vain  
For ere one hour o'er hill and plain,  
Many an eager gillie trode  
And many a rushing easlach‡ rode,  
Till, when the early twilight fell,  
From Fallad glen to Graffon's dell,  
On turret top and craggy mount  
A thousand war-fires you might count.  
In Carrick town the taverns rang  
Next morn with song and weapon clang;  
For from each forest, plain, and glenn,  
The clansmen all had gathered in.  
To me it was a goodly sight  
To see the Butler's strength arrayed,  
The spear points glittering in the light,  
The banners waving on the height,  
The footmen eager for the fight,  
And horsemen all in mail bedight  
Far spread o'er glen and glade.

Then Butler issued from his hall  
Among his gallant clansmen all,  
And straightway took the southern track,  
While we rode gaily at his back,  
And never his charger rested he  
By cross of road, or fount, or plain,  
Until he reached, where, broad and strong,  
Blackwater rushed by crag and tree,  
With murmuring roar or plaintive song,  
'Mid the bonnie woods of wild Affane.§  
And 'mid those woods we camped that night,  
And waited but the morning light  
To fall upon proud Desmond's path,  
And on his raiders vent our wrath.

## IX.

When morn's first beams began to quiver  
On crest of rock and wave of river,  
A clump of spears we saw far south  
Emerging from a valley's mouth,  
And knew 'twas Desmond and his men  
By the great flag that waved so proud  
Before them in that hollow glen—  
By sheets of flame and many a cloud  
Of murky smoke from rifled pen  
And burning oot their track behind,  
And the great herds that, like the wind,  
Rushed towards the river bank before,  
Swept on by kern and creachadore!  
He saw us by the ford arrayed,  
The Desmond bold, and when they prayed  
His bearded knights, that he would flee  
Our onset—stoutly answered he,  
With knitted brow and flashing eye—

‡ Easlach, a mounted messenger.

§ For the battle of Affane, vide "*Meehan's History of the Geraldines*."

"Though we are only one to three,  
Beside yon ford I'd rather lie,  
Bloody and stiff within my jack,  
Than on a Butler turn my back!"

And faith he made his vaunting good,  
For in our teeth he crossed the flood;  
But when he gained the other shore,  
Right on his front and flanks we tore.  
Then hoarsely rose the battle yell,  
And fast the Desmond clansmen fell;—  
Yet stoutly still our charge they met,  
Though gallantly to work we set,  
Until Sir Walter's petronel

Brought Desmond down, and he was ta'en  
A prisoner in that gory dell

'Mid the bonnie woods of wild Affane!

'Twas then, as five tall Butlers bore

The wounded Desmond by the shore,

"Oh! where's the mighty Desmond now?"

They asked, amid that battle's wreck;

He raised himself, all red with gore,

And answered, with exultant brow—

"Oh! where, but on the Butler's neck!"

## X.

The fight was fought, the noon-day sun  
Shone down on banner, glaive, and gun  
Of the proud victors, as they sped

Back to their homes the hills across,  
And on the vanquished as they fled  
Through tangled woods and paths that led

O'er dreary plain and desert moss;

And up the lonely tracks that lie

Along the huge-ribbed hills so high,

And with them—prisoner bound, was I!

## XI.

They placed me in a dungeon strong,  
Where distant Mulla winds among  
The leafy woods of Houra's hills;  
Fed by a hundred dancing rills;  
And there pined I for many a day,  
Till five long seasons passed away;—  
Then, when they thought my spirit broke,  
They freed me from their cursed yoke,  
And bade me wander as I might;  
Yet warned me 'gainst escape or flight.

I well remember, ay, and will  
Till some brave foe my blood shall spill,  
The day I crossed my dungeon door,

And sought the wildwoods free—  
The summer sky was laughing o'er,  
And from green glen, and height, and shore  
The jocund birds their songs did pour

So merrilie;  
And to mine eyes all nature wore  
A look of wondrous brilliancy.

An infant's strength was more than mine

As I went forth that morn,

I thought each stream a draught divine,

I rested 'neath each blossomed thorn,  
Or slowly strayed o'er height and hollow,  
Long draughts of balmy air to swallow!

## XII.

My strength returned;—one golden eve  
As up the hills I clomb,  
Sweet dreams within my heart to weave  
And think upon my far-off home,

I gained a valley lone and deep,  
Where Ounanar's bright waters leap,  
And fill the thick green woods with song,  
While bounding through the dells along.  
I sat me by the sounding stream—  
I sat me in a pleasant dream;  
For who could pass that valley fair,  
And stop not for a moment there?  
The wild ash o'er the torrent grew,  
The oak his strong arms wildly threw  
To the blue heavens, as if to clasp  
Some wandering cloudlet in his grasp:  
And all around my seat was still,  
From far Knokea to Coerin hill.  
The leafy branches thick and green  
On all sides made a shadowy screen,  
Save where a little vista showed  
Beneath me where the torrent sheen.  
A mimic lake all smoothly flowed,  
With many a sparkling ripple stealing  
Over its breast of radiance,—  
Wild beauties on its banks revealing,  
And oh! what it revealed to me!

There, on a green and mossy stone,  
A young bright maiden stood alone,  
Gazing upon the foam-wreaths white

That sparkled on their pathway rude,  
Filling the leafy nooks with light,  
And oh! it was so fair a sight.

Methought that maiden, as she stood,  
Some phantom of a vision bright,  
Or lovely spirit of the wood!

A moment: I was standing there

Beside that maid so young and fair;

A moment, and my heart was gone

With her bright face and sunny hair,—  
And ah! so sweet her blue eyes shone

'Twas lost ere I was half aware!—

A moment, for time went so fleet,

Long seasons had been hours to me,

And in that lone and wild retreat

Oh! we were talking pleasantly.

I told her in that wildwood bower

How I was prisoner ta'en,

And how I longed for that glad hour

When I might 'scape their chain,

And found she was a captive too

For three long years,—

A captive from that sweet land, where

Above the blooming woods of Caher,

Wild Gaulty to the skies so blue,

Its tall crest rears!

## XIII.

It boots not, comrades, now to tell  
How oft we met in that wild dell,  
And how we loved, and how we planned  
To 'scape and reach the Butler's land.  
One morn a brave black steed I caught—

My captor's own fleet steed,

And rode away to that wild spot

With headlong speed.

And towards far Ormond, glad and free,

I bore my love away with me!

But sorrow came too soon—alas!

As we sped down Glendarra's pass,

The foe came thundering on our track

With matchlocks pointed at my back.

Away across Turlaggan's rill,  
And by the foot of Gurma's hill,  
With gory spur and loosened rein,  
For life before them did I strain—  
Away up Gurma's side; and there  
A bullet whistled through my hair;  
But when I gained its summit high,  
Between my foemen and the sky,  
Another hurtled through the air,  
And grazed my side with sudden smart,  
And lodged within my true love's heart!

Ah, woe is me! the look she gave,  
It haunts me yet—  
Its bitter anguish but the grave  
Can make my heart forget;—  
One sudden look of woeful pain,  
And she was dead,

And I—far down into the plain,  
O'er rocks and glens I fled,  
And left my foemen far behind,  
Thundering onward like the wind,  
Away, away on that swift horse,  
Clasping close my true love's corse!

## XIV.

I bore her to yon peaked hill,  
And scooped her narrow bed,  
And laid the earth, so damp and chill,  
Above my darling's head.  
And, comrades, since that woeful day,  
I've never known  
One hour of gladness; and I crave,  
When I shall fall amid the fray,  
You'll bear me to yon mountain lone,  
And lay me in my true love's grave!

## WOMAN-WISE.

## A CHAPTER OF SOCIAL HISTORY.

THE castle of Monkstown stands by "the pleasant waters of the river Lee." Tradition tells that it was erected by the wife of the chief Mac Odo, while her husband was abroad at the war. The Madam Mac Odo loved her lord indeed, but she did not, on his departure, droop and fade, sitting and moping all day long, but rather, like a wise woman, set to work to do what would please him on his return. So she built this castle of Monkstown. She paid her workmen duly. But she did more: she provided from the neighbouring city, and from over sea, the commodities they needed, and sold to the work-people while the building went on. When all was done, she found that the work had cost her just one silver groat!

Ages after, there arose by the same river Lee other wise women, but one in particular, who accomplished on a like thrifty plan a far greater work with far less means to begin with. It is a passage in the social history of our country which we all, whatever be our creed or politics, may tell and read with pride and pleasure.

There had been a long series of dearths and famines in the land. During the last of all, one in every one hundred and nineteen inhabitants of the province of Connaught, and in Munster one in every two hundred and twenty-eight, had died of actual starvation. About one in every eight of the entire population of Ireland had perished of want or its pursuing pestilence; while above as many more had fled the island in affright. "Not only were whole families swept away by disease, and large districts depopulated by emigration, or the inhabitants driven to seek a refuge in the workhouses, but whole villages were effaced from off the land." Such is the language of the official record. (*Census Report.*)

Ireland had been the land of pigs and potatoes. "The pig paid the rent," and clothed the family for the labourer; while the potato fed pigs and people. Town and country alike suffered grievously from the potato-

blight. The potato had been not alone the food but also the wages of the farm-labouring class. The farmer paid his workmen, not in money-hire, but by letting out potato ground to them. Consequently the failure of the potato was the total ruin of the labourer, as it was of the farmer too, in many cases: his food was blighted; the fund whence had been derived his wages was swept away. As even in the previous year of plenty you might have travelled from Donegal to Kerry, and rarely been out of sight or hearing of rags and clamorous beggary, so the time came when one might have gone over the same ground coast-wise without perhaps hearing the cry of a poor man's child. The land had then been swept as a threshing-floor; much grain had been gathered in; more scattered abroad to spring up anew, and bring forth fruit manifold in other climes. The clearance, however, had not been complete. There yet remained crowded workhouses, and much struggling poverty forced into the back lanes and alleys of the Irish towns.

Cork city was the centre of the most extensive and worst famine district in Munster. Thither flocked the famishing poor of a county containing such districts as those of Skibbereen, Aghadown, Skull, Bantry. Despite the great mortality from want and pestilence in the city itself, its population increased considerably, while some of the rural districts were being depopulated.\* Trade and commerce there were nearly at a stand-still: its traffic was in maize. Vast sums had been expended in public relief works and on "cooked food," merely to keep the people alive, or at least a moiety of them. Many efforts and many sacrifices had been made by the beneficent of all denom-

\* "The incursion of paupers into the city still continues unabated, the only change being that it is less observable, as they wait in the outskirts of the town until dusk, when they may be seen coming in droves; the bed-clothes strapped to the shoulders of the father, while the children carry pots, pans, jugs, old sacks, and other articles. They squat in the principal streets, and teem in the lanes and alleys."—*Graves' Lectures*, vol i. p. 95.

inations, and of many countries, to succour the distressed. While the British Relief Association gave food to the children of the Poor's Schools, and the Relief Committee of the Society of Friends employed, with equal humanity and discretion in saving life and promoting industry, the great resources placed at its disposal at home and abroad, the Charitable Society of St. Vincent de Paul, assisted by the alms of Catholic Europe, collected under the Pope's Encyclical, sought the starving in their own homes, fed and clothed them; still labouring at its good-citizen work to teach and enable the struggling poor to become self-helpful. Many lives were thus saved, much suffering relieved, hundreds aided to independence, and thousands, probably, under hope of being similarly assisted, kept from despair and that social hell—whence there seemed no redemption—the Poor-house. There remained, throughout, a dead-weight upon the labouring-class-lumber, as a boy politely called his sisters, on the removal of which depended, in large part, the social welfare and happiness of the poor.

The poor Irishman's usual phrase in making known his tale of distress was, that "he was burdened with a wife and number of children." And, but too frequently, this was literally true; wife and children, but the girls especially, were a mere burthen on the poor man. That it was not entirely the fault of the females themselves was evidenced when and wheresoever opportunity was given them of being industrious. In seed and harvest times in the country, when female hands found profitable employment in cutting and "sticking" potatoes, making hay, and binding corn, the women and girls were everywhere as anxious for employment as the men and boys. The defect was in the social system.

Ireland was, as it is, an agricultural country. It was supposed to be her part to raise cattle and "bowl sojer boys" for imperial uses. For these and other reasons, manufacturing industry had been systematically discouraged in Ireland.

In former times, when the people used to raise their own flax, spin their own yarn, and weave their own cloth, as the rural population of every other country in Europe do even now, the females of the labour class found, to a certain extent, industrial training and employment at home. But they had gradually been losing this resource. Rack-rents and the cottier system had been impoverishing them, and their poverty, strange to say, was causing them to give up manufacturing at home. It was found cheaper, it actually cost less money, in many cases, to buy Manchester cottons and woollen cloths from Leeds, than to make their own more durable linen, diaper, bandle-cloth tammin, or frieze.

In other agricultural countries, where the land is the occupier's own, or where he possesses, at least, a fixed interest in improving the soil, and rendering it as productive as possible, young and old of the labour-classes, generally, can find full profitable employment for every working hour, in gardening every spot of the

holding, bringing the soil into the highest state of cultivation, and keeping it so. But in Ireland, where "the master" owned the land, and everything in, upon, beneath, or above it, minus Paddy and Sheelah's share of "the potatoes, and with 'em," a vast number of the labour class—unprotected by lease, or, if lease-holding, rack-rented and constantly in arrear of rent—had, as it seemed to them, little to gain by toiling to improve the soil for the landlord's or incumbrancer's sake; not to say that some even felt it safer not to improve their holdings, since the first manifestation of such improvement proved but too generally the signal for raising the rent, or ejecting the tenant. When then the rack-rent and cottier system, with no deeper or surer root in the country, fell to pieces, as it did in every part, during the years of blight, there opened up space to establish a new and better social system in Ireland.

Any better social system was to be based upon industry. And if on industry, that industry should not be, as that of old was at best, one sided, partial. That industry must be grounded on education and training.

It may be said fearlessly, then, that the better part of the new work should be the education and training of the female youth of the labour class. For, train thoroughly only one generation of girls, and the training of a nation will have been well set going.

The evil, as regarded the female poor, of the state of things existing at the break-down of the old system, was of great magnitude. The female was in large and daily increasing excess of the male population; not that more than the average of girls than boys were born in Ireland, but that more "boys" than girls had left and were leaving the country. The growing, or grown-up generation had, as we have seen, been deprived of even the semblance of industrial training and employment which their mothers had had, and which, even as an occupation, a resource against idleness, "mother of mischief," was invaluable. Besides household and farm service, there were few industrial occupations open to the female poor in Ireland; and even such few were, almost without exception, monopolised by the daughters of the trades' class. For the unmarried daughters of the labouring class, there remained household service, idleness, or worse. To a life of enforced idleness, or worse, was the large surplussage of poor Irish girls, unmarried and out of place, to be condemned? The question had suggested itself to some thoughtful minds, had sunk into as many kindly hearts, and touched them keenly. Here are some of the attempts made, from time to time, to answer that vital question:—Beginning A.D. 1777, Miss Nano Nagle founded the Presentation Order of Nuns, for the education, and, so far as circumstances allowed, the industrial training, of the female youth of the poor. For a considerable time the industrial training given in these poor-schools would appear to be confined to the teaching plain work, and forming the pupils for home duties and household service. When and where found practicable, fancy work was introduced into the schools.

Later we find the need of industrial training and employment for the female poor appearing to be distinctly recognised here and there, and endeavours, more or less vigorous and persistent, made to give such training and employment to girls. Thus, in the year 1822, a year of dearth, Lady O'Brien, mother of Mr. Smith O'Brien, introduced satin-stitch embroidery into the district of Dromoland and Newmarket on Fergus, in the county of Clare. Some years later, Lady De Vere had a school for lace-workers at Currah Chase. About thirty years ago, an industrial school, for a long time the model school of the south of Ireland, was founded at Clonakilty, county of Cork, by Mrs. and Miss Anne Deasy, mother and sister of Mr. Attorney-general (or Baron) Deasy, and by Mrs. Curtin, grandmother of the present noble member for Marylebone. They began by teaching plain-work, as well as reading and writing. After a time, a Miss Callanan, on her return from France, introduced embroidery-work into the school. Finally, a Miss O'Donovan, a lady of fortune, a near relative of those who had initiated it, took up the work enthusiastically, and thenceforward devoted her life—a noble life indeed—to the service of the poor. In "Miss Donovan's school," as it came to be called, the industrial and literary class work went hand in hand, with excellent results. This school was at full work when the famine of 1846-7-8 came; and though that thinned it for a time, the profitable employment of from three to four hundred girls, little and big, must have served to mitigate very sensibly the distress in that locality, at a time when the smallest money earnings were of momentous importance to the poor. At all events, during the famine we heard little or nothing of Clonakilty, while the piercing wail that went up from the neighbouring parishes of Skibbereen, Skull, and Bantry, lying along the same line of coast, reached the hearts of millions.

We have come round from Clare, skirting the coast, through a country displaying every variety of natural beauty. Two steps more of our leagued boots, and we shall be back in Cork city, whence we set out.

One day, then, during the first year of famine, two married ladies met in one of the public streets of Cork. They had had no previous personal acquaintance. They were, the one a Protestant, English by birth, Irish by marriage, the other an Irish Roman Catholic. The one addressed the other simply: "I have been reading," said she, "descriptions of the state of comfort which the people of the North enjoy, in consequence of the sewed muslin work which is carried on there; and seeing so many unhappy girls in idleness and misery here, I said I would speak to you, as you are connected so much with charitable movements, and consult with you, whether anything could be done for them." Forthwith an embroidery school was established, under the patronage and management of a double committee of ladies and gentlemen, Catholic and Protestant, but under the conduct of the founders, who, as joint-secretaries, devoted themselves to the work. Upwards of a hundred young females were received into the school

at its opening, fed, clothed, and trained to earn their bread by the skilled labour of their hands; rescued from the direst destitution, idleness, and still worse, perhaps. "The origin and progress of this school" observes Mr. Maguire, M.P., in his valuable book on the National Exhibition of 1852, "afford one of the most delightful instances of the forgetfulness of those differences of sect and party, which had hitherto kept the best and noblest natures asunder in this country, and prevented a fusion of parties, for objects of charity and compassion, such as ought to have been, at all times, common to all." The school thus founded outlived the famine. And though it has ceased to exist as originated—the embroidery going on all the while—the names of its founders, Mrs. Sainthill and Mrs. M'Swiney, should not fail to be recorded amongst the brave and good, who wrought well and wisely in their generation.

Many truly praiseworthy endeavours in the same direction had been made elsewhere, as at Blackrock, by the late Lady Deane, wife of the sculptor Hogan's first and fast friend, as well as for a course of years in several of the convent schools throughout the country. But the employment heretofore given had depended, for the most part, on the personal influence and exertions of lady patronesses in obtaining orders for work from their friends, and their friends' friends and acquaintances. It was therefore precarious. The school had, as a general rule, no trade-foundation,—no fixtures, were worked on no commercial system. The ground had been cleared, the quarry opened up, the stone and the mortar prepared for the builder, even detached portions of the edifice erected. But the organising hand had not yet been applied to the work. It is the hand of a lady, whose own simple narrative shall be given.

"On my return to Cork, in the latter part of 1850, I placed my *only* child at school, and looked about to know where I was to give my leisure hours. Just at that time a lady who was wishing to begin an industrial school, but could not give her time to it, being engaged in business, begged I would assist. I hesitated, as I felt more inclination to help a little infant school, that appeared to have few to look after it."

Had the good lady yielded to her bent, she should doubtless have acted a gentle, motherly part at "the little infant school that had few to look after it," but a great work, causing almost social revolution, might, for the time being, have been left unaccomplished.

"However, at the request of the Right Reverend Dr. Delany, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, I accepted the invitation, and associated myself with a few ladies to commence the work. We were presented with fifty pounds by a Catholic clergyman, and we began by teaching plain work."

They were helped for a time by friends sending them plain work.

"After a few months, when we had trained a number of good workers, we found, with regret, our funds fast failing, and no supply of regular work secured. What was to be done? One of our children, who was extremely poor, and whose sight was very bad, seemed so distressed by plain

work, that a patroness suggested having her taught to make cabbage-nets. She succeeded so well that silk was given her to make a hair-net, and this being perfectly done, the patroness already alluded to as engaged in a fancy trade, gave us an order for a few dozens of nets, and recommended us to put several girls to work at them. We did so with success, and the order was soon completed. We then bought silk and made up some on our own account, which I took to several shops and offered at a low price. At first we found it very difficult to get sale for them. I sometimes think over these first struggles,"—she continues, with quite a touching humour and pathos,—“when I would call with my little bundle of nets at the counter of some of the monster establishments, and could scarcely obtain the civility of having them looked at. However, I kept on dunning and calling, as any poor struggling industrious widow might do; by degrees I coaxed an order, for I pleaded hard, having always before my eyes and in my heart seventy half-starved eager faces looking up as I entered the school, calling out, ‘Have you any work for us to-day?’ When I returned with a small order, the joy expressed used to repay me for all the anxiety and vexation of spirit endured.

“All was not fair sailing. Sometimes the work was found imperfect, or the price was cut down, and I should bear all, and should still ask and gratefully accept work. We crept on for a little while until our children became expert, and produced really perfect work. Then, soon after, the fashion of wearing nets became general, and when one of my nieces arrived from Dublin one day, with a crochet net of a new description, I took it off in triumph, caused a dozen to be made, and got orders for several dozens. The tide turned suddenly in our favour. One day the head of one of the establishments, seeing a mohair net made by one of our children, and finding that we could produce a dozen of them for exactly the same price his buyer had paid for one in London, he was at once convinced of the profit to be made by fostering home manufacture. The next mohair nets were made and sent to London, instead of bringing any from thence. Meanwhile I had gained over some of the young men of the different departments of the monster houses to take new patterns with them to England. They did so, and returned with such large orders as induced their principals to become exporters instead of importers. From that time success crowned us. Yellow crochet nets were made by us for Germany. Hundreds of dozens were sent weekly to England and America. In fine, we were obliged ourselves to look for help, and forthwith shared our orders with the schools of the North and South Presentation Convents of Cork, and sent on to Kinsale, Blarney, Mallow, and Middleton, where there were struggling industrial schools, in which this species of work had not been taught, or, indeed, any kind of work carried on in connection with houses of business. All were now at work. It was a glorious sight to see joy and comfort increasing daily, where nothing but helpless misery had previously existed. In our own school at this time, we were paying £20 a week.

“But in the midst of this success I found my health and strength giving way. The labour was continuous and the anxiety increasing, and I was alone in the struggle after the first few months of plain work. The few patronesses had gone to the London Exhibition, and when returned, did not resume their functions from a variety of causes. The principal excuse given me was, that it had become too serious and anxious a business; and that they could not promise serious help, as their time could not altogether be given up to it. This was a sad blow, but there was no time to fret;—(here is your true working philosophy)—“and in spite of all, I was obliged to hold on. The work was there; and the joy of having it to give to the poor people, gave me energy equal to the occasion.”

What did she then? Succeeded, not without persuasion of its absolute necessity, in placing the school in charge of ladies who, whatever you or I may think

about it, don't go to Exhibitions, the serious and anxious business of whose lives it is to help the poor, working for and with them—a religious community, the Sisters of Mercy. However, having seen the good which was done, and knowing all that remained to be done, Mrs. Woodlock could not long take her ease.

“Dies brevis, et opus multum, et Pater-familias urget.”

So she, “without much delay, opened a new branch, about a mile farther off,” in a populous but very distressed district.

“I was in the habit of attending to teach catechism in the parish church, and on Sunday I gave notice that a new school would be opened in the neighbourhood. One hundred and fifty girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, presented themselves the next morning. I desired every girl who had earned money by work before that day to hold up her hand. Only four did so, and they had been selling apples!”

All this time there was no capital; the work had to be finished and sent home before the wages could be paid. Blunders innumerable were committed. Mrs. Woodlock herself used, at day dawn, collect in the quarries, and make into heaps on the roadside, round stones, for a carrier going by on other business to pick up. The stones were for hanging the nets. They were too poor to buy saucers, which the nuns did, much to the improvement of the work.

“Perhaps it is well here to mention another great difficulty which, in my efforts to overcome, was productive of new blessings. We were sometimes overwhelmed with orders: not having capital in hand to lay in silk, we were often obliged to wait for the return of the buyer of the establishment for which we worked from England. In these cases the delay of a day was severely felt by the workers. The manufacturers did not then understand the necessity of keeping hands employed, and judge what a blow it was to me sometimes, when calling for my order, to be told coolly that the buyer waited for the silk to fall before laying in a stock. What was I to do? I thought I might fall back on shirt-making, now that the traders began to understand what organised labour might produce to them of profit. I proposed to get gentlemen's shirt-fronts made up. I was answered by the assertion that it could not be done at all in Ireland—the articles could not be washed, and they should be sent to Glasgow to be boxed! But a little trouble conquered these difficulties.”

The good lady then tells us how she overcame other difficulties, how she got boxes for shirt-collars made, and how she established a manufacture of polka-jackets, netted mits, fine crochet, &c.

Now comes the moral of this history. A very revolution in the customs and manners of the Irish poor is thus being wrought out. The girls are no longer mere “lumber.” Where the industrial school is, there the female child is often the steadiest earner of the family. Her status is raised. It is she who, it may be, buys the pig that pays the rent; who clothes herself and one or more of her little brothers or sisters; who keeps the house in firing. No longer is she the awkward fuzzy

\* Letter of E. W. to the Editor of the Irish Quarterly Review.

head. She must appear clean and tidy in school. Her hands and bib, or apron, at least, must be quite clean, else she should soil her work. If she take home her work, as most of the girls do, she must have a clean table to work on. But, as was elsewhere said, a clean table puts to shame a filthy floor: she sweeps the floor. The lesson of cleanliness, tidiness, and industry which she has learned at school, she teaches at home perforce of example. Her literary education is not altogether neglected; for though the greater part of the day is given to needle-work; she can learn to read, write, and cypher during the hour or hours set apart for that end.

Even while she works she is learning still better lessons. While her eyes are on her work, and her fingers busy, she listens while her kind patronesses, woman-wise, in turn, speak to the heart, or read pleasant and good books. Those songs have been learned at school from lady-teachers, which you hear on summer evenings on country or suburban roads, where girls go rambling in rows, linked fondly arm in arm.

Let us pause here for a while. Much has been done: How much more remains to be done!

### CICERO AND HIS TIMES.

BY B. PHILIP WEST.

TIMES of sudden and violent revolutions in states are ever periods marked with the appearance of extraordinary men. The worst passions as well as the noblest traits of human nature are then excited into action; and in their collision are elicited qualities, talents, and characteristics, which would have slumbered in passive mediocrity or absolute oblivion, during seasons of tranquillity and the ordinary conditions of affairs. We are all eager to learn minute details of the men and circumstances of such epochs in the world's annals. No historical or biographical works are read with deeper interest than those which treat of such grand events, and give us authentic particulars respecting the persons who took part in them. Thus it is we never tire reading Thiers or Barante upon the first French revolution; and thus too we peruse with satisfaction the memoirs and autobiographies of such authors as Guizot, Lamartine, and Louis Blanc, describing the actors in both revolutions—the last as well as the first.

But there was another and a greater revolution—the prototype of both—the revolution which changed Rome from a republic into an empire. Who would not wish to hear, as from an eye-witness, a portraiture of the persons, and an accurate account of the state of things existing in Rome, when that revolution was in progress?

Passages in Cicero's orations and epistles contain the information it is so desirable to possess, and all that one would have to do, to impart such information universally, would be to take out these passages, and placing them apart from topics now mixed up with them, fix the attention of the reader upon what he alone cares for, or desires to know.

The works of Cicero (so made use of) constitute, I think, an autobiography of the most valuable and interesting kind. They bring us back to the times in which he lived: they put us within sight of men whose names are "familiar as household words;" as we read these "select passages" we hear not only the orator, but we have moving pictures of the events as they occurred, and of the individuals who took part in them.

Why no such use hitherto has been made of Cicero's orations especially, is, I think, easily accounted for. First, Cicero has been mainly studied for his style, his eloquence, his power of treating any subject to which he brought the whole force of his acute mind and wondrous talents. Next, from the time of the revolution in Rome, ending in the sole empire of Augustus, centuries passed away without any thing similar happening until the outburst of the revolution in France, commencing in 1789, and closing its first grand series of events with the crowning of Napoleon Bonaparte as Emperor of the French.

From the first to the eighteenth century, although there were wars and violent convulsions of every description in all parts of Europe—the irruption of barbarians; the downfall of the empire; the formation of new monarchies, etc. etc. etc., still, no one supposed they would ever again see any thing like to the crimes of Sylla and the Triumvirs revived, as they were by the "Septembrists," or the ambition of a Cæsar realised anew in the coronation of a Lieutenant of artillery. Persons no more supposed such scenes could be re-enacted, than the men of the present century, who remember the European triumph over France and Bonaparte in 1815, could have believed it possible that in their own day they should behold a Bonaparte restored to France, elected as an Emperor, and then the ally of England in a war against the brother of Alexander!

The days of Cicero illustrate both the times in which we live, and those of which our fathers and grandfathers were contemporaries. Hence, there is an interest attached to them which never could have been felt previous to 1789.

My wish is to see a popular use made of Cicero. Casting aside the toga which covers and conceals the working of the heart, I would let the world look on him as he really was—an extraordinary, eloquent, well-intentioned, but not high-principled man—his best qualities being marred by timidity; and his really heroic conduct in some moments of great excitement, as in his opposition to Cataline, to Clodius, and to Marc Antony, and finally his death scene—being all spoiled by his intolerable egotism and intrusive vanity. The use I would desire to be made of Cicero, is to have him placed before the reader, as at the time which he himself desired to be regarded both by contemporaries and posterity—that is making his speeches—and so we should listen to what he has to say *of* others, *to* others, and *about* himself.

So treated, I think a very interesting little volume could be compiled from his voluminous writings.

Here, for instance, is a brief passage from Cicero's

speech respecting Marcellus. It is addressed to Julius Cæsar—a listener to the oration—and then armed with the powers of emperor, under the title of Perpetual Dictator. The passage, it will be seen, reads as if it were composed by M. Dupin, for the purpose of being published in the *Moniteur*, as the candid opinion of an eloquent French advocate, addressed to the Emperor Napoleon!!!

"It devolves upon you—Cæsar—upon you especially—upon you, who know and feel how the commonwealth has been shaken, and the country prostrated in the conflicts of civil war: it is for you to secure respect for our judicial tribunals, to restore the credit of the nation, to repress the licentious, to promote population; in fine, to re-unite what is dissevered, and to hold society together by the enforcement of severe laws."

I have said that Cicero was a time-server. Here is annexed a passage that will prove him to be so. But the passage is interesting in another point of view. We know, and Cicero lived to know, that Julius Cæsar died by the hands of assassins. Now listen to the same Cicero addressing the following words (as he does in his speech for Marcellus) to Cæsar! assuring him, he may henceforth live void of all fear, for the world was devoted to him!—every one desired to see his life prolonged! none could possibly think of injuring him! Here is Cicero speaking in the senate-house, and Julius Cæsar listening to him: Cæsar believing his life to be in danger: Cicero, with all the powers of his eloquence demonstrating that such fears were vain: both standing at the time upon the floor of that building which was afterwards to be stained with the blood of Cæsar.

"I approach now, Cæsar, to matters of very deep moment: I refer to the serious complaints made by you as to your present position, and your desperate suspicions in reference to others. Matters, I say, of the utmost moment to yourself—to all citizens—but especially to us—to us who owe our own safety to your clemency. Both these, I trust, are founded in error—but whether true or false, I cannot hope by my words alone to lessen their importance. Your safety is our safety; but so saying, I may add, that if in such a case as this, an error is to be committed, then I far prefer being regarded as too timid, than as over rash. But who is, or who can be the madman that would dare to assail you? Can he be discoverable amongst your adherents? Who amongst those adherents can be more devoted to you, than those upon whom you have bestowed, contrary to their own expectations, safety and life! Can it be then, one of those who ever have been your faithful followers? It is not credible that such perverse insanity can be discoverable in any human being, as that he would not prefer to his own life, the life of that leader who has bestowed upon himself the best gifts of fortune. But if your friends are not plotting a foul crime against you, then it is against your enemies you must be on your guard. Who or where are those enemies? All who have been your enemies have, in obstinately pursuing their own wilful career, been deprived of life; or they now live, because you have been merciful. Thus, either none of your foes survive, or those who survive have become the most devoted of your friends."

Again Cicero returns to the same point in another part of the Marcellus-oration in the following words:—

"Thus do all of us here who are desirous of the safety of the state exhort you—may we conjure you to take care of your life—to assure its safety. I speak here not merely my

own sentiments; for I am, on this subject, the mouth-piece of others: and in their name I say to you, that since you suppose some danger threatens you, that you adopt all such measures, as you may deem requisite for your own security; whilst we promise that we shall each act as a sentinel, each be a willing guard at your service, prepared to oppose your foes with our persons, and to defend your life, at the risk and cost of our own."

So Cæsar, it will be seen, was then promised by Cicero he would become one of his body-guard! The timid Cæsar was to be protected from danger by the valiant Cicero! When Cæsar lived, Cicero declared all good and wise men were anxious to preserve his life. When Cæsar was dead, these were the words of Cicero:

"Of that crime (the death of Cæsar) all are guilty: for all good men had, to the best of their ability, a hand in the death of Cæsar. Some had not the courage to do it: others had not the opportunity to do it: but the will to do it was not wanting to any one."

And then of the deed itself, here is Cicero's solemn opinion deliberately expressed, with an appeal to Heaven too, in testimony of its sincerity:—

"What deed, O holy Jupiter! was ever yet done, not merely in this city, but in any other part of the world, greater than that! what more glorious! what more worthy of being transmitted with praise and commendation to the everlasting memory of mankind!"

But we turn from these passages in which the great orator plays so sorry a part, to get an insight into Roman manners and customs, when Rome was a republic in name.

Cicero undertook the defence of his friend Milo, charged with the murder of Clodius, the personal enemy of the orator. The slaying of Clodius was not denied. It was vindicated on the ground that Clodius was an infamous monster—a reproach to the very name of man. I pass over the many vile accusations made by Cicero against the deceased to fix attention on what strikes me as being very extraordinary—and that is, Cicero's account of the manner in which Clodius acquired property:

"For this Clodius there was no law and no equity. He trampled upon the one: he derided the other. In his determination to acquire wealth, the only limits recognised by him were those his own avarice and ambition suggested. He did not condescend, like other mean and wicked men when seeking to gain unjustly the estates of their neighbours—he did not stoop to iniquitous suits sustained by perjured witnesses. No; he boldly invaded those estates with armed bands and uplifted standards, as if his fellow-citizens were foreign foes, and he had the power of claiming their inheritance by right of conquest. This was not merely his course of proceeding as regarded the Etruscans—unhappy people! that he considered too obscure for his contempt—but thus did he act towards Quintus Varius—a valiant and truly admirable citizen—him who sits to-day on the bench before me, as one of the judges in this trial. That man Clodius attempted to expel from his possessions by force of arms. And so with others. The first intimation he gave of his desire to take to himself what belonged to them was to break into their houses with architects, and to overturn their gardens with surveyors. As to the boundaries of his own lands, they were to be whosoever he pleased in the wide space of country that lies between the Janiculum hill at Rome and the Alps. Take, as an instance of his iniquitous doings, his conduct towards Titus Pacuvius—a Roman

knight, a brave man, a splendid soldier. He sought for, but could not obtain from Pacavius, an island in the lake Prelus, which he wished to purchase. What then did Clodius do? He suddenly collected a fleet of boats, and lading them with stones, lime, and cement; he crowded the boats with armed men, and in the very face of the owner of the property, who was standing on the shore of the lake at the time, the insolent invader landed and attempted to build there a house for himself!"

It was in the time of the Republic a man could, with impunity, pursue such a course as is here described. Who can be surprised, that when the time for testing the stability of such a Republic had arrived, that it should have been trampled down by the iron legions of Cæsar? If Cicero's account of Clodius be true, Clodius, it may be said, was endowed with all the wickedness and audacity of "an Irish adventurer" in the sixteenth century, and he should have lived not in Rome, but in Tipperary or Cavan. It is a consolation to know, that as divine vengeance reached a Clodius in Rome, an Encumbered Estates Court has, in our day, done justice on some of the descendants of the Cromwellian Clodii.

But here is another insight into the manners of the Roman nobility and patricians. Cicero maintained that Clodius had plotted against the life of Milo, and that in the attempt to carry his wicked plan into execution, Clodius himself was slain. To shew this, Cicero contrasts the mode of travelling on a journey adopted by both at the moment of the fatal rencontre:—

"Milo was that day with the senate, and so remained until the assembly broke up. He then returned home; changed his dress even to his sandals; waited, as on ordinary occasions, for his wife, until she was ready to go along with him, and then set forth, about the time that Clodius—if Clodius had thought of proceeding to Rome, might be returning. Clodius came there to meet Milo. He came there as one who had prepared himself for a military expedition—on horseback—not in a chariot: with no unarmed follower—and with no Greeks as his associates, such as he generally had with him. Without his wife too—a circumstance of unusual occurrence. How different from Milo in all respects! Milo, now described as a plotter against his life, and who is said to have gone on this journey for no other purpose than to slay Clodius. Milo was in a carriage, sitting by the side of his wife—Milo was wrapped up in a heavy cloak—Milo had a large retinue, not of armed men; but a number of weak and timid females in his suite, and with them some slaves."

The same points are again dwelt upon, with some variation, in another part of the same oration:—

"Compare now the march of the ruffian prepared for strife, with the manner in which Milo was absolutely unfitted by his suite for a conflict. Upon all occasions before this time, Clodius travelled with his wife. He now had not his wife with him. Never before was Clodius seen making a journey but in a carriage. Now he was on horseback. Never before did Clodius go any distance from Rome without his Greeks, and his mountebanks. Whereas Milo now had by chance with him, that which he never had before, the singing-boys of his wife, and a whole troop of servant-maids. Clodius, on the contrary, who was at all other times to be seen with a gang of wenches, had now not one. His companions were men—picked men—men suited for the deadly purpose that bad man had in view. How then came Clodius to be overcome? The answer is: the peaceful traveller is not always killed by the highway robber: the highway robber is sometimes slain by the peaceful traveller.

The great points in this argument, it will be perceived, was the absence or the presence of the wives of the respective parties. The absence of his wife shewed the wicked purpose of Clodius: the presence of his wife was a proof of the innocence of Milo. Are we to infer from these facts, that the Romans were remarkable for their conjugal fidelity, or that their wives were worthy of their respect. These questions may be illustrated by a reference to one of the women here alluded to—Fulvia, the wife of Clodius. She was married three times—to Clodius, to Curio, and to Marc Antony, and her last husband, Marc Antony, was married five times. Cicero alludes to her, in his different orations more than once, and never but in terms of the most bitter sarcasm, as for instance in his first Philippic, he says to Antony:—

"Who has been ever known to find fault with my consulship, but Publius Clodius, to whose sad destiny, as well as that of Caius Cæsar, you are destined; for you have in your own home that which was fatal to them both."

And again in the second Philippic.

"You have a wife who is not too careful of her husbands, but of whom it may be said that she carries a little too long in making the third payment that she owes to the Roman people of the last husband she has had."

The woman (Fulvia) of whom these bitter words were spoken, had her revenge; and her indulgence in it has rendered her name for ever infamous. The tongue of the murdered orator was pierced by the golden bodkin of Fulvia!

A curious illustration of the times, so different from our own, is given in the following passage. According to the established practice of the Roman tribunals, the unfortunate slaves of Milo were liable to torture for the purpose of ascertaining the facts as to the fatal rencontre. Cicero defends Milo for having given his slaves their liberty to preserve them from such a cruel proceeding. Cicero having declared that Clodius had been slain by the slaves of Milo, these slaves believing at the time that their master had been killed by Clodius, thus proceeds:—

"Why then has Milo manumitted his slaves? Why declare them freemen? It is because he feared they would be impeached as slaves—that as such they would be exposed to torture, and in their agony forced to confess that Publius Clodius had been slain by them on the Appian way. But we admit the fact, and there is then no necessity for torture. What you want to ascertain, we avow. Was Clodius so put to death? We say he was so put to death. Whether it was right or wrong so to slay him, is not within the compass or the power of the torturer to elicit or determine. The verification of a disputed fact is what is sought for by the torturer; the judgment to be pronounced upon that fact, and the character to be ascribed to it, belong alone to the judge, and are to be decided by the rules of justice. We confess all that you say you want to know by means of torments inflicted upon slaves."

Cicero having referred to the saying of Cato: "that slaves who had defended the life of their master, were entitled not only to their liberty, but to large rewards," continues thus:—

"If Milo had not manumitted his slave, he should have given up to the torturer the defenders of their master, the avengers of crime, the preservers of his life. Nothing then

can be more consolatory to Milo in his misfortunes—no matter what fate awaits him, than that he has fittingly rewarded those who had done him great and good service.”

Cicero in his first Philippic says boastfully of himself :

“Assuredly, it is allowable for me, and ever must be so, to defend my own personal dignity, and to despise death. All I ask is that the opportunity may be afforded to me of coming here—to the senate—here—and here—whatever be the peril of my free speech, I do not shrink from—I accept that peril.”

This is well and bravely spoken ; but the fact is, the orator had not that dauntless spirit which he vaunted. The clamours of the furious partisans of Clodius, who surrounded the senate, and the appearance of an infuriated soldiery, so intimidated the defender of Milo, that he made a hesitating, ill-arranged, badly-delivered, and worse-argued harangue. The consequence was, his friend was condemned to exile. Cicero subsequently published not what he had said, but what he intended to say, and sent a copy of it to Milo, who upon reading it exclaimed : “Ah ! if Cicero had but spoken in these terms before my accusers, I should not now be eating figs in Marseilles.”

Cicero had moral courage, but not physical courage ; he had not such courage as was displayed by Lamartine, who, beset by an armed and infuriated multitude, refused, despite their threats and imprecations, to adopt the flag of the Red Republicans. Neither was he gifted with the bravery of the Irish orator, Curran, whose address to a jury being interrupted by the clashing of bayonets on the part of a ferocious and blood-thirsty faction, who packed the court-house, turned round to them and said : “You may assassinate me, but you shall not deter me from defending my client.”

The orations and epistles of Cicero are in a hundred ways interesting and instructive, if a *popular selection*, such as I have suggested, were made from them. If the idea thus thrown out be regarded as good, I hope it may be acted upon. If it be of little worth, it will, of course, fall into the oblivion from which it never should have emerged.

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S REVENGE.

### A TRADITION.

THE following tradition, hitherto only orally preserved, is a fragment of local history, to which I have not added one trait or circumstance of my invention. I give it as I heard it from the neighbouring peasants, who repeat the names, details, etc., without variation, and who strenuously maintain its truth.

Before the revolution of 1688, and its consequent forfeitures, numerous branches of the Plunket family held estates in the county of Meath. One of these was seated at the castle of Gibstown, in the parish of Donoughpatrick, about four Irish miles from Navan. The castle is no longer in existence ; and its site is occupied by a modern residence standing on a slight elevation, in a rich country, but so densely wooded as to admit of no extended view. In the sixteenth century the Plunket of Gibstown (the second of the name there seated) was

Patrick, grandson of Sir Alexander Plunket, who was Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1492. Patrick had a numerous offspring by two wives, both of whom he survived ; his children on their marriages, left Gibstown, with the exception of his eldest son, another Sir Alexander,\* who married Anne, daughter of William Hill of Allens-town, in the adjoining parish of Martry. Lady Plunket, a loving-hearted woman, was happy in not being far removed from the home of her nativity, to which she was strongly attached. Tradition relates, that after her marriage, she caused a mound of earth to be raised in the grounds of Gibstown, and a path to be made leading to it from the door of the castle ; and this path she called “the race,” for every morning, as soon as she quitted her chamber, she ran along it to the mound, on the top of which she stood for some minutes to gaze towards Allens-town, and see the smoke curling upwards from its chimnies. Some may deem this anecdote too trivial for notice ; but I repeat it, because I think every evidence of the home-affections interesting, and because it argues favourably for the hearts of the Irish peasants that they have kept in kindly remembrance for upwards of three centuries this little trait of warm and pure domestic feeling.

Sir Alexander and his wife had ten children—eight were sons, named in the order of seniority, Patrick, Edward, Gerald, Christopher, George, Thomas, Richard, and John—the two daughters were Elizabeth and Elenor. The sons are said to have been all handsome, robust, tall youths ; courageous, hardy, and capable of enduring great fatigue ; from boyhood they were trained to be skilful sportsmen and bold riders. Their father kept for them a stud of splendid horses ; and when they all rode out together, with their well-mounted attendants, they formed a goodly cavalcade, of which tradition still loves to speak. The youths were the idols of their grandfather ; and Lady Plunket had a mother's pride in her stalwart offspring ; but, better still, she had a mother's tenderness also. She had the misfortune to lose her sight at a comparatively early age ; and whenever her sons went forth on any hunting expedition, her mind became filled with dread, lest some accident might occur which would be concealed from her, unless her watchfulness prevailed over her blindness. It was, therefore, her custom, on such occasions, to seat herself near the castle door, listening attentively for the approach of horses ; and when she heard them she rose and stood on the threshold to receive the party, and required them to enter separately. She embraced each one, drew her hand over his well-known features to assure herself it was in truth her son ; took from each his cap and cloak, and felt them, lest there might be blood or rent ; then counted all carefully, hung them up in their accustomed places, and, thankful and happy, went into the social meal with her beloved ones. It seems sad that loving eyes like hers should ever have been dimmed ; yet her heart must have been full of light ;

\* In the pedigree he is termed Sir Alexander Plunket, knight ; but the knightly title does not seem to have been borne either by his father or his son.

there the sun of affection never set, and the mental eye was strong as an eagle's to gaze upon it.

I have said that the youths of Gibstown were keen sportsmen. It happened once that in pursuit of their favourite amusement, they went far away from their own county, even westwards into the wilds of Connaught. There, while in company with some of the gentlemen of the country they were engaged in sporting, a dispute about the game arose, and like too many other disputes in those days, it soon deepened into an affray—the Connaught men on one side, the Meath men on the other; and the Plunkets, in the heat of strife, killed one of their opponents, a young man of high consideration and of large estate; and on this unfortunate occurrence, strangers as they were, amid natives of the district and friends of the slain man, they deemed it advisable to take their homeward route at their best speed.

Tradition has forgotten the surname of the victim; it has only remembered that his Christian name was Walter (probably he was a Burke,) that appellation being afterwards constantly upon the lips of his Connaught nurse. When his bleeding corpse was borne home to his own dwelling, none of all his relatives, however loving, none of all his retainers, however devoted, was so violently affected as his foster-mother. It is well-known that fosterage formed among the Irish a stronger tie than even that of blood. The nursing became an object almost of idolatry, not only to his foster-mother, but also to the members of her family, who were always ready to lay down their lives for him. Thus, scions of gentle blood were provided with devoted adherents of the lower class, zealous to protect them from all plots and injury, so rife in the old troubled times, and of which persons in their station were more likely to become cognizant than their superiors.

But to return to our Connaught nurse. Nothing made existence endurable to her after the loss of her "Walter," but the vehement desire and longing hope of revenge. She thirsted for the blood not only of the individual Plunket who had slain him, but even of all the brothers as accomplices. For the one life of him who was all the world to her, she thought the whole eight lives but a slight compensation.

"Her great revenge had stomach for them all."

She collected together all her Walter's kinsmen, friends, retainers, and tenants, to the "wake" of her darling. She stood at the head of the corpse, pointing to the marble features, and exclaiming in Irish, with deep pathos, "So young, so beautiful! cut off so soon! so cruelly!" She dwelt upon his virtues, on the blessing his life would have proved to all around, and the irreparable loss they had sustained in his untimely death; she displayed the fatal wound by which he died; she sang a dirge, or keen, that she had composed, mournful with her sorrow and hot with revenge: she excited a tumult of feelings in her hearers by the wild and fervid eloquence of her passion; and then she bound every man by a solemn oath to slaughter without pity the whole of the eight young Plunkets. She pledged

herself to the task of enticing the doomed brothers to their destruction: and she arranged that when she should have succeeded in luring them into Connaught, the avengers should fall upon them at a place she would indicate.

In order to throw the Plunkets off their guard, a year was suffered to pass quietly away after the death of Walter; then early in the ensuing autumn, the vindictive woman set out alone for Meath. For one of her age, sex, and station, it was a difficult pilgrimage into an unknown region; but it was not a weary one, for she bounded onwards through all its difficulties, borne up by the energy of fierce revenge, till she reached her goal at Gibstown. There she was, of course, an utter stranger; she carefully concealed any knowledge on her part of the youth who had been killed, representing herself as belonging to a different part of Connaught, and as one of a class once numerous in Ireland—"Treasure-seekers," whose occupation consisted in rambling about the country searching for money, plate and jewels, rumoured to have been buried in the troubled times among the ruins of castles, or within the circles of ancient raths: and who even pretended to a supernatural knowledge of such hidden wealth derived from dreams, or from communication with spirits. The barefooted Connaught-woman in her red petticoat, brown bodice, and scarlet cloak, with its hood drawn over her wild hair, requested to see the young gentlemen of Gibstown, and with great solemnity informed them of her errand; to the effect that she knew the spot where a treasure was buried in a secluded place in her native country; but had received a supernatural revelation that it never could be taken from the guardian spirit which watched over it, save by eight brothers of the race of the Plunkets of Meath, all present together and co-operating to raise it: that on enquiring for such brothers, she had been directed to Gibstown; and that on her way thither it had been "shown" to her in a dream that *these* were the actual persons predestined to raise the spell-bound stone, and to enrich their guide with a portion of the discovered hoard.

To us, in the nineteenth century, such a tale would appear so absurd, that we should only wonder if any one would hear it out to the end: but we must remember that some centuries ago, similar stories were common in the country. True it is, that hoards *were* often buried, for the sake of security, and have been sometimes discovered; so far is fact; as for the supernatural embellishments, they formed a sort of creed with the peasantry, and persons of the higher class heard, therefore, such narratives without surprise, however they might doubt of the details. Thus, the young Plunkets quietly listened to their strange visitor, but unanimously declined the proposed adventure, doubtless feeling that an expedition into a country where they had excited enmity was not desirable. Of this, however, they hinted nothing to her, who seemed in profound ignorance on that subject: but, with national hospitality they invited her to remain at Gibstown till she had recovered from

the fatigue of her journey. Accordingly she took her station in a corner beside the huge turf fire piled on the kitchen hearth, and sat there crouching and unsocial. The servants remarked that she generally seemed absorbed in thought; and was frequently crooning to herself, in a low voice, a melancholy ditty, the oft-recurring burden of which they caught—

"Ueh! ueh on! is truaigh gan biorr neimhe a geroidsa,  
Mar a cuir Walter am chroidsa."

(Alas! alas! it is woeful that there is no venomous shaft in  
their hearts,  
Even such as Walter has put (or caused) in my heart.)

Whenever the servants would ask what was meant by those mysterious words, she would reply: "Nothing honey, nothing at all, jewel, but an old song that they do be singing in my country." At length she returned home, grievously disappointed, but determined to persevere.

Precisely at the same time in the following autumn, and for succeeding years, she regularly re-appeared at Gibstown; each time with increased urgency and increased disappointment. So inveterate, so untiring was her spirit of revenge, that for seven consecutive years, despite of her growing infirmities, she came on her toilsome journey, still seeking the gratification that every year seemed but to render more hopeless. Still she was importunate with the brothers, still unsocial with the servants, still nursing her grief and her vindictive hate by her melancholy song. Nothing softened her heart towards her intended victims; not all their gay good humour, their hospitality, their youth and beauty, the affection of their father and old grandsire, and the touching tenderness of their sightless mother. No; she esteemed revenge a duty due by her to her foster-child: to pardon his enemies, would, she thought, be to acquiesce in his murder.

At length on the seventh annual visit of the persevering woman, the young Plunkets yielded to her [persuasions; they were wearied out by her pertinacity, and stimulated by curiosity and love of adventure, they agreed among themselves, that as so many years had elapsed without molestation from "Walter's" sept, no danger was now to be apprehended, and they assented to the proposed journey. The old woman's heart bounded with a malignant joy that she could scarcely control; and she eagerly undertook to guide them to the spot where the pretended treasure lay hidden: but she positively forbade their bringing any of their usual attendants: her mission, she said, was to the brothers only; the addition of a stranger would set the charm astray, and some great *donnas* (misfortune) would ensue. All this was so much in character with the superstitions of the era, that it excited no suspicion, though it might some laughter, and the party set forward.

The brothers were mounted on some of the best horses in Meath; but they travelled slowly, in order to keep pace with their guide. She led them through unfrequented ways, till at length they reached a lonely hostelry, which, she said, was near the place of destination; she bade them rest and refresh themselves, and

promised that near midnight she would return, and lead them to the spot where by torchlight they were to dig, while she repeated mystic incantations. Then quitting the objects of her treachery, she hastened to assemble her confederates by a preconcerted signal, and to bring them down in a body upon the inn, which they were to surround stealthily, and so closely that not a single one of the eight doomed brothers could escape, when a chosen band should rush in to perpetrate the deed of blood.

The innkeeper himself was one of the woman's accomplices from the first; and he had engaged to remove privately the arms and horses of his betrayed guests, and to keep their minds amused till the arrival of the murderers. When he saw the intended victims ride up together to his house, he looked at them with curiosity, which at once became admiration; they formed a splendid group, and he was struck with remorse while he thought (as he afterwards related), "where in Ireland, or beyond it, could such another knot of so many brothers be found—so tall, so handsome, such fine horsemen, and so young! What a pity to see them weltering in their blood! and so many to die for one—it was in fair fight our Walter lost his life; but these youths are entrapped, and some of them must have been mere boys seven years ago when Walter fell. And their poor mother! must she lose the light of her heart as well as the light of her eyes? it would be a barbarous deed; and I will not bring down upon myself the curse of that poor blind mother's broken heart."

Thus reflecting, the man went into the room where the Plunkets were partaking of some refreshment, closed the door cautiously, revealed to them the frightful peril in which they stood, and bade them instantly mount and ride for life; adding that he must himself fly to a place of concealment, to escape the rage of the baffled confederates. The youths, with hurried but grateful thanks, ran to the stable, saddled their steeds, mounted, and away, with the speed of the rushing wind. Their horses had been refreshed, and they had the advantage of more than two hours' start ere the conspirators had assembled, had reached the inn, surrounded it, burst in, and found it empty!

Frantic in her fury was the vindictive hag, baffled after seven years of toil and plotting, baffled at the moment of success. She would not see the hand of Providence stretched out to prevent a great crime, and to avert a great affliction from the innocent parents of the youths. "Take horses!" she exclaimed to her band; "take horses wherever you may, gallop in pursuit, and slay as many of the brothers as you can; we must not leave our Walter wholly unavenged." She was obeyed, and a number of the Connacians spurred on the track of the fugitives, who soon became aware of the hot pursuit.

The Plunkets dared not to seek shelter lest it might prove to be with an enemy; they dared not halt long for food or rest; they could only venture to slacken their speed, and let their horses graze occasionally when they were well in advance. But the echoes along that

weary road were ever awoken with the incessant ringing of hard hoofs in that wild gallop, the compact group of the pursued in front—the straggling parties of the pursuers in the rear, whose approaching clang sometimes sounded frightfully close, sometimes died away in the distance, anon swelling, deepening, nearing. The Plunkets, of course, could never change horses; the Connacians could occasionally snatch here and there a fresh one, but far inferior to the noble animals ridden by the brothers.

How long this headlong chase\* continued, is not related; but tradition tells that the steeds of the Plunkets were failing fast, and they were themselves becoming unsteady in their saddles from exhaustion, when through the grey shades of evening the stream of their native Blackwater appeared in sight, flowing between them and their home. With a last rally of energy, they spurred for the ford. On the river side the horse of one of the youths fell dead; the rider sprang up behind his nearest brother;—a moment's delay—the Connaught men were just upon them, when the Plunkets dashed into the water. The shouts and din of the chase attracted their own retainers, who crowded the banks, and the pursuers were afraid to cross and thus meet the Meath men at disadvantage. The pursued landed safely, and the Connacians fled in their turn with what haste they could.

That night there was in Gibstown surprise and terror: indignation, and rejoicing; thanksgivings, tears, embraces, hurried questions, broken answers, rapid narratives, exclamations of passion and of pathos—there was every thing but sleep.

When the disappointed Connacians returned to their own country, they sought to punish the innkeeper, as a traitor to their cause. They could not find him; but they burned down his house, and destroyed everything he possessed. As soon as he could venture forth from his hiding-place, he made his way, by night journeys, to Gibstown, where he was most gratefully welcomed, and Sir Alexander Plunket gave him a dwelling on his estate, and made ample provision for his comfort. Some of his descendants, it is said, are still living in the parish of Donoughpatrick. The old nurse fell sick and died from the bitterness of her disappointed revenge, leaving an example how deplorably virtues like fidelity and affection could be perverted by the evil influence of a fierce and unchastened spirit, even as fair flowers degenerate into rank weeds in a coarse uncultured soil.

The castle of Gibstown is no longer to be traced; but in the churchyard of Donoughpatrick, about a mile from Gibstown, is still to be seen the much-defaced tombstone of Patrick Plunket, the grandfather of the eight brothers. It lies a little to the east of the church, somewhat sunken, and the inscription (which is in Latin, and runs round the stone) is much worn, as the stone is used by boys for a slide; but we can still decypher the names of Patrick Plunket, with the date of his death, in 1575; of his wives, Elizabeth

Barnwell, of Arotstown, who died in 1550, and Margaret Fleming, of Stephenstown; of his eldest son Alexander, and of his wife Anne Hill; there are also traces of armorial bearings.

Patrick Plunket, the eldest of the eight brothers, who are the heroes of our narrative, succeeded to Gibstown on the death of his father,† and his descendants continued seated at the castle till the revolution of 1688, when the family taking part with James II., the estate was forfeited, and on the broad lands where the Plunkets of Gibstown once flourished, nothing now remains of them but a tradition and a tomb.

## A Model Valentine.

TO \_\_\_\_\_

It is the custom, ancient legends say,  
To write love-letters on the fourteenth day  
Of Winter's second month, 'clept February,  
The purport of such billets, marriage—(Will you marry?)  
While jingling nonsense loads the labouring line,  
Teeth, eyes, cheeks, hair, sweet lips, and form so fine,  
Cover the sheet—ah! hapless sheet of paper,  
They'd break your back were they not moonshine—  
vapour.

The writer (male) implores the wearied "Nine,"  
To fill his soul with "poethry divine,"  
That he may sing how well he loves his fair,  
And how he sighs with *her* name load the air;  
And how he craves one lock of silk soft hair  
That trails its fire-red ringlets down her shoulders bare.

The lady Valentine *must* this day write  
On paper tinted every hue "bar" white—  
O'er the pink page with rims embossed, all gold!  
Disport plump Cupids, *hardy* boys and bold—  
Else in such weather surely they'd take cold;—  
Dutch metal arrows, winged with feathery *paint*,  
Point at a beauty just about to faint;  
(Frightened, perhaps, at such a shower of darts,  
And *oval dumplings*, playfully called "hearts.")  
But odours from those floss and tinsel bowers  
Breathed from a world of rich but *unknown* flowers,  
Seem to revive her, and she fondly gasps,  
As some imaginary hand she clasps,  
"Yes, thine own Ella lives but thee to bless"—  
Her Patrick, Harry, John, James (more or less)—  
"And prove her love"—(*Italics* the last line)—  
"Eternal as the stars or—Valentine."

I need not paper to reveal my love;  
My fond eyes speak it should my tongue ne'er move;  
Pure as this sheet that bears these lines to thee  
Is the true heart whose joy or misery  
Is in thy power. Wilt thou slay or save?  
Place me in heaven, or deep in the cold grave  
Of buried hope? where love and high desire  
Fade as pale stars in morning's golden fire.

JOHN DUGGAN.

\* I have read of an Emir of Mount Carmel, who, flying before a tribe of hostile Arabs, was carried by his mare for three days and nights without food or rest.

† This Patrick Plunket was living in the reign of James the First.

## JOYCE'S POEMS.\*

No one, with a heart accessible to any of the finer feelings, is insensible to the beauty with which the touch of genius is able to invest scenes and objects, whatever may be their own intrinsic merits. Places which may have little in themselves to arrest the attention of the passing observer, are thus transformed into a fairyland by the magic power of the artist, poet, or romancist. Mountains, glens, rivers, which we shall not suppose devoid of interest, for no natural object really is so, but which of themselves might not make any very marked impression on the mind, become objects of intense interest merely because they happen to figure in some favourite work of fiction, or have been described or even named by some poet whom we love. The same kind of interest extends to persons and events. With what curiosity do we regard all that is associated with one who has been celebrated by the pen of genius; and how different is the feeling excited in us by an incident when we have only met it recorded as an ordinary occurrence in the historic page, and after we have seen it delineated by some gifted hand in vivid colouring of pen or pencil? This new interest which we feel is an involuntary homage which we pay to genius; and we conceive that genius is rarely better employed than in thus investing with its own halo of interest and beauty the scenery or history of a country. It was the merit of rendering such a national service, that first struck us in Mr. Joyce's poetry, especially in his ballads. There may seem to be something like self-interest on our part in lauding one whose productions have so often enriched our own pages; but the risk of exposing ourselves to such a charge shall not prevent us from rendering the meed of justice to the true poetic genius which Mr. Joyce unquestionably possesses, and to the fine national and true-hearted spirit in which he has constantly exercised it. For these qualities we sincerely give him credit, and we believe, that in the volume of his poems now before us, the reader will find this genius and this spirit impressed on every page.

We therefore recognize at once, in this collection of Mr. Joyce's songs and ballads, the purpose which he himself claims for them. He tells us that he has designed to do that for his country which would have been done for her by her own old bards under other circumstances—to enshrine in poetry those romantic legends, the poetic versions of which have been destroyed, or which have been neglected since the extinction of our ancient bardic profession. The idea was beautiful, and admirably has it been realised; nor is there any danger that patriotism will die in Ireland while such a bard as Mr. Joyce remains to revive her ancient lays. Thus may he sing,—

"The mountains of Limerick frown down on a plain  
That laughs all in light to their summits again,  
With its towers, and its lakes, and its rivers of song,  
And its huge race of peasants so hardy and strong.

\* *Ballads, Romances, and Songs.* By ROBERT DWYER JOYCE. Dublin, James Duffy, Wellington-quay, and 22 Paternoster-row, London.

Oh! hardy its peasants, and comely and tall,  
But their spirits are broken, their minds are in thrall:  
So, strike we a lilt of the chivalric day,  
When their sires swept the foe o'er those mountains  
away."

And accordingly he tells them how Norris and his hosts were defeated by the Gael at Kiltili; and in the same spirit he sings, in other ballads, the battles of Thurles, and Benburb, and of the Raven's Glen, and Tyrrell's Pass, and the Siege of Clonmel, and the Sack of Dunboy, and so on. Nor are his songs sometimes less patriotic than his ballads, as we see in the "Lament of Garodh Earla," and "O'Sullivan's Flight," and "The Song of the Galloping O'Hogan," and the "Siege of Limerick," &c., although many of his ballads and the great majority of his songs contrast in the sweetness with which they express the more tender passions to which they are devoted, with the fire and energy of his heroic lays, and show that his muse is as familiar with love, and flowers, and sunshine, as with the strife of battle and deeds of vengeance.

Some may complain of the local character of these poems; but the fondness with which the poet dwells upon the scenery which yielded him his earliest inspirations, seems to us a real beauty. The frequent allusions to the river Funcheon and its scenery, and the Awbeg, and Glenanar, and the Ballyhoura mountains, and other features in the grand and picturesque country which lies along the confines of the counties of Cork and Limerick, fix the scenes without localizing the interest of the poems. Besides, these scenes happen to be replete with legendary and historic associations that were invaluable to the poet. Mr. Joyce is particularly happy in his imagery, which is always natural. How simple and beautiful are those opening verses of the "Burning of Kilcolman?"

"No sound of life was coming  
From glen, or tree, or brake,  
Save the bittern's hollow booming  
Up from the reedy lake;  
The golden light of sunset  
Was swallowed in the deep,  
And the night came down with a sullen frown  
On Houra's craggy steep.

And Houra's hills are soundless;  
But hark, that trumpet blast!  
It fills the forest boundless,  
Rings round the summits vast:  
'Tis answered by another  
From the crest of Corrin Mor;  
And hark again, the pipe's wild strain  
By Bregoge's caverned shore!"

The foray on Spenser's castle of Kilcolman, Spenser's flight, the accidental desertion of his child, and the vain attempt of an athletic man among the Irish foe to save his enemy's child from the burning pile, are then related; and then

"Away sped the galloglasses  
And kerns, all still again,  
Through Houra's lonely passes,  
Wild, fierce, and reckless men.

But such the Saxon made them,  
 Poor sons of war and woe;  
 So they urged their strife with flame and knife  
 On his head, long, long ago!"

Mr. Joyce has entered early on the career of fame. He is still a very young man, and the popularity of which he has deservedly won so large a share, promises to become still more wide-spread and enthusiastic.

#### THE PROPHET ENOCH; OR, THE SONS OF GOD AND THE SONS OF MEN.\*

WE hail the appearance of this poem as an interesting event in the literary world, and we deem the plea which the author has made for himself and for his subject, in introducing it to the public, to be in a great measure unnecessary. It is true, that poetry of a lofty character has of late years fallen into neglect, but we trust that the tide of public taste has begun to flow in the opposite direction; and, although Mr. Burton Robinson has aspired to a theme of the loftiest kind, we think the perusal of his poem will show his muse to have been equal to the arduous task. The subject is the moral and intellectual antagonism between the races of Seth and Cain—who are styled respectively "the Sons of God and the Sons of Men"—in the antediluvian world. "The earliest religious contest in the human family; the interposition of spirits, good and evil; the presumptuous daring, and the fatal illusions of forbidden knowledge; the heavenly fortitude of the righteous under oppression; the tranquil enjoyments and the brilliant conquests of religious science; the devotedness of filial piety; and lastly, the struggles of other and equally holy affections—these," observes the author, "form the purport of the work. The hero is the great patriarch Enoch, one of the most divinely-illuminated seers of the primitive world, who foretold its submersion by the deluge, and the final destruction of our earth by fire. This patriarch, so highly favoured with natural gifts and supernatural graces, had moreover the pre-eminent privilege of being exempted, until the close of ages, from the penalty of death. This privilege he shares with the prophet Elijah. Both, according to an old and very generally received opinion in the Church, are destined to return in the last days to earth, and, as respective witnesses of the Patriarchal and the Mosaic dispensations, to bear testimony, in behalf of our Lord, against his arch-enemy, Antichrist." The head of the hostile race of Cain, and Enoch's adversary, is Jubal. "A thirst for forbidden knowledge, and a jealousy of his antagonist, are his ruling passions, which at last plunge him into the abyss of magic." Adah, the beauteous and pious daughter of Enoch, is the heroine

of the poem, if, indeed, the term heroine can be applied where there is so little of the romantic element; and the denouement consists of her marriage with Irad, who, although the son of the Cainite Jubal, has by his conversion, and his high qualities of mind, proved himself worthy of so great a prize. The leading facts in the Old and New Dispensations are prophetically related in angelic visions, and the great subjects which are thus successively introduced, are touched on in language of suitable dignity.

The metre, as well as the subject of the poem, immediately suggests a comparison between this work and "Paradise Lost," which opens up a wide field for criticism; but the resources of Sacred Writ, from which the themes of both are borrowed, afforded abundant scope for the muse in either, and their characters are perfectly distinct. Neither does the beauty of Mr. Robinson's verse pale before the lustre of Milton's genius. How fine is the following description, by Jubal, of his search after knowledge:

"The inward life of nature stood revealed  
 To mine intuitive eye; the veil that shrouds  
 Her strange mysterious workings from the view  
 Of vulgar men, for me was torn away;  
 And where they saw but dead, mechanic force,  
 Mine eyes, quick-piercing to her inmost depths,  
 Beheld the play, the wondrous play of spirits.  
 Nor less could I decipher those bright signs—  
 The mystic letters of the luminous sky,  
 That to the tenants of our lower world  
 Speak matter of deep sense. The secret power  
 Of star, and moon, and sun, upon all life,  
 In plant, or brute, or man—the endless stir—  
 The oscillations in great nature's frame—  
 The ebb and flux in all organic things—  
 These had I traced. Yet too confined I felt  
 The circle of my knowledge; then came on  
 Satisty, disgust, remorse, despair—  
 The canker-worms that prey upon the root  
 Of all mere human science. 'Twas the aim—  
 The lofty aspiration of my life—  
 From my youth up, the science to win back  
 Our fathers knew and lost in Paradise:  
 In this all-wasted garden of the earth  
 To plant the tree anew, which, though the bolt  
 Of wrathful heaven had blasted, scorched, and riven,  
 Yet bore, I hoped, a fruitage that could slake  
 My burning thirst.

\* \* \* \* \*

I strove to be the architect  
 Of mine own wisdom—upon reason's base,  
 Mine own unaided reason—to construct  
 The edifice of knowledge . . ."

We might easily exemplify the style of the poem by a multitude of extracts, equal or superior to that which we have thus culled at random. It is refreshing to meet so bold and masterly an effort of genius in the midst of the weak and ephemeral productions with which the press teems at the present day, and we feel great pleasure in giving the humble meed of our praise to so natural and vigorous an effort of a Christian muse.

\* *The Prophet Enoch; or, the Sons of God and the Sons of Men.* A Poem, by JAMES BURTON ROBINSON, Esq., translator of F. Schlegel's *Philosophy of History*. London, J. Blackwood; Dublin, M'Glashan and Gill.

## O'SULLIVAN'S DUNBOY.\*

THAT the siege of Dunboy should awake the song of an Irish bard, and above all, that of an O'Sullivan, is only what we might expect. Every one who knows anything of Irish history, has read or heard something of the fate of that famous old castle of the ancient chiefs of Beare, and must be aware that that fate constitutes one of the most thrilling episodes of that sad and eventful history. After the last hopes of the Irish, at the close of their protracted war with Elizabeth, had been shattered by the disastrous route of Kinsale, and their chieftains driven into solitary fastnesses or exile, no circumstance tended more to gall the British power than the stand for independence which the O'Sullivans still continued to make among the mountains, and on the iron-bound coast of their native territory. Their principal stronghold was that "yellow fortress" (Dunbui) on the coast of Berehaven, and Carew mustered all the resources of British power in Munster, including those of renegade Irishmen, to effect its destruction. How that isolated castle, with its garrison of one hundred and forty-three brave men, and its half dozen small guns, withstood a besieging army, some four thousand strong, supplied with a numerous and powerful artillery, and aided by British shipping; how its walls were battered to the earth; how its lion-hearted defenders still successfully resisted the dense storming parties of the enemy among the ruins; how the remnant of these worn-out and wounded heroes sought a last refuge in the cellars of the castle; how merciless and terrible were the efforts employed against them by the ruthless Lord-president; how the last man of them was slaughtered; and how the brave old castle was then blown into the elements by the foe: these and other incidents of that siege supply a heart-stirring theme to the poet, and it is enough to say that they have been sung with intense effect in the beautiful poem now before us. Besides its charming versification, the variety given to the subject by the poet's skill, the fire, the energy, the pathos, alternately employed as need requires, the poem has the additional merit of strict adherence to historic truth. There was indeed no need here for imagination. No invention could add to the thrilling and tragic character of the reality, and we think that Mr. O'Sullivan has displayed not only great skill in the management of his subject, but great taste in adhering so truthfully, as he has done, to the real incidents of the historic narrative as related in the pages of the hostile Carew himself. The poet does not relinquish his task with the fall of Dunboy, but follows up the fortunes of the chief, Donal O'Sullivan, in his famous progress through Ireland, and to his final asylum in Spain. We think he has succeeded in sustaining the reader's interest to the end. The production cannot fail to please the lovers of true poesy, whether the additional incitement of national sentiment contribute to the feeling or not, and the "songs and poems" with which the volume concludes, and most of which are already familiar to the public, must add very considerably to the reader's pleasure.

\* *Dunboy, and other Poems.* By TIMOTHY DANIEL O'SULLIVAN. Dublin, John F. Fowler.

## AGNES ARNOLD.\*

THE events of the sad period of Irish history which closed the last century of our era, supply many a theme, stranger and more terrible than fiction, on which the art of the novelist or the idealism of the poet might be effectively engaged. The leading incidents of the unequal struggle of 'ninety-eight, the story of the overthrow of the King's forces by the undisciplined valour of the armed peasantry of Wexford, the temporary triumph of the insurrection in that heroic county, and its final extinction in a sea of blood, supply abundant materials for historic romance. Nor are the public transactions of the rebellion alone worthy of the attention of writers of fiction. The private family history of a time when heartlessness, cruelty, and treachery were the most certain means of attaining influence, is replete with facts of exciting and sorrowful interest; yet it is strange how little our novelists have availed themselves of these copious materials, and how few writers have reproduced these events in their pages, in the attractive garb of romantic story.

Mr. MacCabe has chosen the county Wexford, during the rebellion and the period immediately preceding it, for the scene of his present story. We learn, from his preface, that much of the materials for this novel were gleaned from his own conversations, in his boyhood, with William Putnam MacCabe, a leader of the insurrection, who had escaped to France, but who was attainted by an act of the Irish Parliament, passed after the suppression of the rebellion. On his return to Ireland, after twenty years' absence, in 1818, for the purpose of attending to some private pecuniary affairs, he was thrown into prison, where he remained for two years, and from which he was only discharged after he had become a bed-ridden cripple. Our author was his frequent visitor during that period, and learned from his lips enough of his personal experiences to form the groundwork of many a touching and painfully interesting tale.

The plot of the present novel is constructed with admirable clearness, and several of its scenes are worked out with great dramatic ability. It presents the reader with a narrative of domestic perfidy, which doubtless could find many a parallel in the troubled and gloomy time to which it relates. One of the principal characters is a noble-hearted and generous country gentleman, whose wealth is ever at the service of the poor. Under his roof are his two nephews, the elder of whom reflects all his virtues, while the younger, the offspring of a West Indian slave, is an accomplished villain, who labours to rob his uncle and his brother of the patrimonial estates, by conveying calumnious charges against their loyalty to Dublin Castle. By his machinations, the heroine—a wealthy heiress—is induced to come unexpectedly from her temporary home in England to Ireland. An organised conspiracy for her abduction is formed. The notorious Hepenstal, a troop of Beresford's horse,

\* *Agnes Arnold.* A Novel, in Three Vols. By WILLIAM BERNARD MACCABE. London: Newby.

the redoubtable Jemmy O'Brien, and others of the same class, are engaged to carry it out. The attempt is made on the day after her arrival, but is defeated by the vigilance of William Putnam M'Cabe, the United Irish leader, who was on the track of the ruffians, in order to discover what villany they might have been concocting. While the lawless attempt to carry off the heroine is made at a festive meeting of her tenants, whom she had gone, with her guardian, to visit, the plotter, believing that his kinsmen would be conveyed in custody, on his false accusations, to the metropolis, never to return, occupies himself in ransacking the private papers of his uncle, and of that uncle's ward, but is surprised in his task by their return, three of the emissaries of prostituted authority having been left dead in the encounter which had taken place. He murders Miss Arnold's nurse, who, he finds, had been a hidden witness of his proceedings and his guilt; but having been discovered, he flies to Dublin, where, renewing his slanders, he is welcomed at the Castle, and procures an order for his uncle's arrest, although the verdict of a coroner's jury is hanging over his own head. An attempt to take the old gentleman is made by a gallant Scotch officer, and a troop of dragoons, at the very time of the rising; but the populace come to rescue him—the soldiers are slaughtered, and he with difficulty succeeds in saving the life of their commander. After a variety of incidents, the family procure a pass to Bristol, and take ship at Wexford, but the arch villain having by his Castle influence learned their movements, lies in wait for them in a hired revenue-cutter, manned by smugglers, with the intention of obtaining possession of them by the production of a forged order for their arrest and detention, and then of destroying his relatives and their attendants, and carrying off the beautiful prize. His associate in crime relenting, and refusing to be an actor in these horrors, is poisoned by him while they are drinking together, and the remorse-stricken confederate, in his last writhings, revenges himself by firing a pistol into a barrel of gunpowder, and causing the vessel and all its freight of guilt to be blown to atoms. With the destruction of the murderer the troubles of his intended victims cease, and the union of the heroine and her guardian's nephew and heir, terminates, according to custom, this exciting tale.

Mr. Mac Cabe's delineations of character in his work are striking and truthful. His description of that loathsome abomination, the notorious Jemmy O'Brien, and of the wicked but clever accomplice of the Iago of the story, could not easily be surpassed. The courses by which the people were driven into rebellion, and the atrocities of which they were the victims, the brutality of the North Cork Militia, and the wickedness of the Orangemen and yeomanry, are vividly narrated. We have no doubt that this first edition will be eagerly sought for at the circulating libraries, and we trust, be soon succeeded by another within the reach of all classes of readers.

#### THOM'S ALMANAC AND OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR 1861.\*

THIS vast compilation has, in this, its 18th annual volume, reached a degree of completeness which no one could have anticipated for any such work a few years ago. No mind, however statistical, could have projected such an accumulation and arrangement of materials, and no enterprise would have been adequate to encounter the enormous outlay of preparing and publishing such a volume. It was necessarily the growth of many years, and of great experience, combined with acute intelligence, unlimited resources, and an active spirit of enterprise, which gathered strength and courage for such a task as it advanced. The progress of the work has been obvious enough from year to year. The spirited publisher and compiler never suffered it to remain stationary at any point of excellence to which it reached; but it would seem to be now so thoroughly organised as to admit of little further improvement, and to have attained dimensions which could not conveniently be exceeded. The reader must, at the same time, bear in mind that this great body of matter is made up of details ever changing in themselves; so that no one page, perhaps, in the 1700 of which the volume now consists, may be the same in every respect that it was in the last, or will be in the next, annual issue. Hence the compiler makes no idle boast in observing that "the collection, arrangement, analysis, and condensation of so vast a mass of materials into one volume, containing so multitudinous a collection of facts and details, of an ever-changing character, involve no small amount of labour, a large correspondence, and the extensive use of parliamentary reports and papers, and other public documents, as also of many other sources of authentic information;" and we cordially give him credit for sparing neither pains nor expense in rendering the publication, as far as possible, exempt from error or omission. The extension of the statistical and other details to the empire at large, and to the colonies; and the copious information to be found in the alphabetical list of peers, baronets, knights, members of the House of Commons, etc., are among the most valuable of the recent improvements. The statistics of Ireland have long been one of the most important features of the work, and will be sure to render it an invaluable record for future statesmen and historians. This department of the work has always evinced the utmost care and intelligence in its preparation. Appended to the Irish peerage we find the claimants to dormant and extinct peerages; the bearers of foreign titles in Ireland; and the ancient Irish titles that are still retained by the lineal descendants of old families; but it is needless to descend to particulars, for in every department of the work the same attention to completeness and minuteness of detail may be observed.

\* Dublin, Alexander Thom & Sons.